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BUSINESS MAXIMS

I. FORBES EPIGRAMS

By B. C. Forbes

II. THE SILVER LINING

By Thomas Dreier

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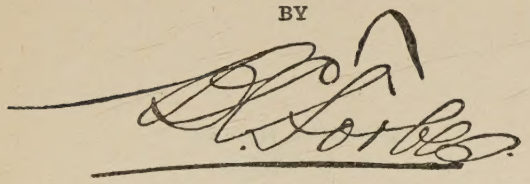
FORBES EPIGRAMS

1000 THOUGHTS ON LIFE AND BUSINESS

BY



Editor, "Forbes Magazine"
Author, "Men Who Are Making America"
"Keys to Success"
"Finance, Business and the Business of Life"

B. C. FORBES PUBLISHING COMPANY
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B. C. FORBES

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P64
1922

To

MALCOLM

267916

Why This Book

THIS is not an introduction: it is a confession.

I am not responsible for the publication of this little volume.

Let me explain.

In trying to fit the "Fact and Comment" editorials into the pages of *Forbes Magazine* difficulty often was encountered; sometimes there was an inch, sometimes a half-inch or quarter-inch space which it wasn't easy to fill.

Difficulties being things to overcome, I overcame this one by writing one-line, two-line, or three-line paragraphs.

Readers began to ask us to give them more of these inspirational squibs.

We did.

Interest in them seemed to increase. Newspapers throughout the country took to reprinting many of them; the "movies" began to flash some of them on the screen; our own readers — at first a few, then larger numbers — wrote that they would like to have a collection of them in book form.

So here they are!

The thoughts underlying most of them are as old as the hills.

So are the principles underlying success.

A young minister was invited to preach a "trial" sermon. He waxed grandiloquent. His effort pleased himself immensely. "How did you like my sermon?" he eagerly and hopefully asked the veteran pastor whom he hoped to succeed. "Well," replied the aged divine, "some of it was excellent; the rest poor." Taken aback, the flowery-tongued candidate asked, "Which parts were excellent?" "The parts that were old were excellent and true," came the reply; "the parts that were new were poor and untrue."

If any reader derives some slight encouragement or helpfulness or happiness from the following pages, let him mentally thank those who inspired the publication of the little volume.

The title, by the way, was selected from more than a thousand suggested titles sent in by *Forbes* readers — a number so large as to indicate considerable interest in the modest book.

May it do something to ease a few loads, stiffen a few backbones, clarify a few perspectives, and encourage the radiating of a few more smiles along life's pathway.

B. C. F.

Forbes Epigrams

¶ Make good or make room.

¶ The most profitless thing to manufacture is excuses.

¶ To fill your job, fill your mind.

¶ Chalk up every lie as a liability.

¶ Sturdy trees grow slowly.

¶ To get up, never give up.

¶ It may be all right to be content with what you have; never with what you are.

¶ The best way out of a difficulty is through it.

¶ Grit gets!

¶ Only a man's motives and mission make him great.

¶ The rounder usually ends in a square hole.

¶ The man who has done his level best, and who is conscious that he has done his best, is a success, even though the world may write him down a failure.

¶ Every bluffer is more or less of a duffer.

¶ Learn and you lead. Loaf and you lean.

¶ Poverty is the best foundation on which to build a career.

¶ Aspire — then perspire.

¶ In the end the things that count are the things you can't count.

¶ The best grease is elbow-grease.

¶ Don't simply see how you can "put in the day." See how much you can put into the day.

¶ No man is really big who has a small heart.

¶ He who has good health, good humor, and no debts is not poor.

¶ A shady business never yields a sunny life.

¶ Diamonds are chunks of coal that stuck to their job.

¶ Don't expect applause. Deserve it.

¶ Think not of yourself as "the architect of your career" but as the sculptor. Expect to have to do a lot of hard hammering and chiselling and scraping and polishing.

¶ Life isn't complex if we walk straight.

¶ The place for the "knocker" is outside the door.

¶ Too many "deals" the night before often unfit a man for putting over a business deal next day.

¶ The young man who aspires to do things must early learn to do without things.

¶ The man of "go" is seldom let go.

¶ The longer you gaze on an obstacle the bigger it becomes.

¶ Would you succeed? Toil to transfer the bone from your head to your back.

¶ You aspire to become a boss? Then need no bossing.

¶ After all, you've got to give full, fair value or you won't last.

¶ It's better to be in love with your work than in love with yourself.

¶ Don't just float or you'll sink.

¶ Balance is as important for the individual as for a business.

¶ Madame Curie didn't stumble upon radium by accident. She searched and experimented and sweated and suffered years before she found it. Success rarely is an accident.

¶ You will search for opportunity in vain unless you have planted its roots within you.

¶ If you lazily remain of no account you'll never have much of a bank account.

¶ You drift towards the rocks. You have to row to reach success.

¶ If you play the game straight, business becomes as inspiring as sport. Be a sportsman.

¶ Some persons "fall into a fortune," but nobody ever yet fell into success. Success entails climbing.

¶ The eight-hour-day self-made millionaire has yet to be born.

¶ You can leave a will directing how to handle your money but not your reputation. The public will attend to that.

¶ Don't talk about your abilities. Demonstrate them.

¶ The man who becomes so big and so "successful" that he has no time for a kind word or a helpful deed is not successful at all. His life is a failure.

¶ It isn't a big success if there wasn't big effort.

¶ The happiness that comes from getting isn't one-two-three with that which comes from giving. If you haven't found it so, overhaul yourself.

¶ THERE is no higher efficiency than doing the right thing in the right way.

¶ YOUR boss may determine your salary, but you yourself determine your worth. To get more, make yourself worth more.

¶ YOUR employer knows how good you are without your telling him. Say it with work.

¶ CARVE the right kind of place in men's hearts and then you can safely leave to them the carving of the right kind of epitaph on your tombstone.

¶ AFTER all, others can do very little for you. You must do your own fighting and vanquishing, starting with self.

¶ IN the sea of life it is the lightweights who sink and the heavyweights who rise.

¶ OPERATE and coöperate.

¶ How you spend your own time will ultimately regulate how you will spend your time at work — high up or low down.

¶ IT'S better to say "I must" than to need somebody else to say to you "You must."

¶ IT'S more honest to waste your own money than waste the time your employer pays you for.

¶ THESE spell Failure:

F ickleness
A ffectation
I ndifference
L aziness
U ppishness
R ecklessness
E nvy

¶ If you have ceased to smile, you have lost out in the game of life, no matter what your bank account may be.

¶ Principle makes for principal.

¶ To keep straight, apply the Golden Rule.

¶ It should be spelled Hop-portunity.

¶ The Government imposes taxes on our income. We ourselves impose taxes on our output.

¶ Work now, or wince later.

¶ The only hopeless failure is the person who has ceased to strive for success.

¶ Lying tends to keep a man down.

¶ The doctors sent a man up in an aeroplane to regain his lost voice. And he did. Some men who rise up in the world lose their heads.

¶ Lasker and Capablanca are not the only people who take a long time to make a move.

¶ If you learn how to master yourself, you stand a good chance of learning how to master your job.

¶You can't build a skyscraper on a faulty foundation. Attend to the foundation first.

¶ Is your boss entitled to regard you as an ass or an asset?

¶ The fellows who attract "offers" usually have offered to do a lot they weren't hired to do.

¶ To make an impression, strive to become a heavyweight.

¶ How you fill your mind determines very largely how you will fill your pocket.

¶ Pull a creditable load and you'll need no "pull."

¶ When an unpleasant task lies ahead of you, get it behind you without delay.

¶ Mules kick. Who wants to become known as a mule?

¶ How can you make a hit if you have no aim in life?

¶ If you are always in time for your work you are apt to be in time for promotion. The late comer usually gets left.

¶ The man who has never been "up against it" is never likely to get up very far.

¶ Guts gets there.

¶ A dose of adversity is often as needful as a dose of medicine.

¶ Kill time and you kill your career.

¶ Move forward or you'll become a back number.

¶ Water that is stagnant becomes worthless. So do men.

¶ Fame, reputation, only increases a man's obligation to do still better.

¶ To get on, get right.

¶ THERE's only one way to "get there": go to it.

¶ LOSING your temper will never win you promotion.

¶ A CHIP on the shoulder is too heavy a piece of baggage to carry through life.

¶ EACH one of us enters a prize-ring every day.

¶ WE are now in the man-age. Learn to be a man-ager. Then you can command your own salary.

¶ To rise, be on the level.

¶ HER whistle can make a lot of noise, but it's her propeller that pushes a steamer forward.

¶ The best part of our pay must come from ourselves.

¶ Strive to be first if you want to last.

¶ The most valuable "system" is a good nervous system.

¶ If you do the best and the most you can *today*, don't worry about tomorrow.

¶ The raw material of success is thought.

¶ The man who retains his head can usually retain a goodly share of other things.

¶ Notice that two-thirds of "Promotion" consists of "motion."

¶ Hope — and hop.

¶ HONKING your horn doesn't help so much as steering wisely.

¶ DON'T intend; do.

¶ THE man without a savings account usually is a man of little account.

¶ DON'T give up; buck up.

¶ FOR the young man embarking on the sea of life the best training is hardship.

¶ A BUSINESS, like an automobile, has to be driven, in order to get results.

¶ THOUGHT leads to forethought.

¶ TRANSGRESS and you won't progress.

¶ LOOK forward — and press forward.

¶ "THE pen is mightier than the sword." Not unless you push it.

¶ EVEN a tack is no good unless a little driving-power is applied to it.

¶ UTOPIA lies in the first letter.

¶ IF you're not garnering a proper amount of fruit, examine well your roots.

¶ STRIKE a brisk gait or you'll get the gate.

¶ HE is an artist who turns out a perfect piece of work.

¶ YOU must know your goods before you can hope to deliver the goods.

¶ To avert pain later in life, take pains.

¶ To salesmen: Use your shoes or let someone else fill them.

¶ The promising man keeps his promise.

¶ There's a difference between living and being alive. Which, candidly, are you?

¶ The man who shows up best is the one who shows off least.

¶ Improvement begins with "I."

¶ At school you didn't expect to advance unless you studied. How about now?

¶ What's in you fixes what's in your pay envelope.

¶ Hurdles are things to be hurdled.

¶ Golf without bunkers and hazards would be tame and monotonous. So would life.

¶ Have confidence in yourself only after you are entitled to.

¶ "Life is a gamble." Yes, but at least you play your own cards.

¶ It's usually up-hill work that lands one at the top.

¶ If you're "there," you'll be discovered sooner or later.

¶ Cynics notwithstanding, there is more fun in "doing unto others" than in doing others.

¶ It is polite to apologize, but it is more polite not to do anything calling for an apology.

¶ To ring the bell, ring true.

¶ To make a killing, shoot straight.

¶ One way not to make headway is to be stuck on yourself.

¶ Work is the meat of life, pleasure the dessert.

¶ A suggestion: Pray more and prey less.

¶ Putting up a "front" lands many a man through the back door.

¶ The hardest times call for the hardest thinking.

¶ The biggest fool is the man who fools himself.

¶ If you fill your head with commonsense the filling of your purse will take care of itself.

¶ Make your own way and people will make way for you.

¶ Fate pursues Cowards. Fortune pursues the courageous.

¶ Every human being has this much in common with God, that he makes his own world.

¶ A good executive is one who can get things done peaceably at a profit.

¶ Avoid joining the ranks of the mentally unemployed or you'll by and by find yourself unemployed.

¶ Ability without agility doesn't win.

¶ If you are content to drift lazily you'll by and by find yourself at sea.

¶ To keep us in condition we must needs swallow salt as well as sugar.

¶ The best investment for a young man is investment in his own education.

¶ The best day for doing your best is the one that comes seven times a week.

¶ The man who makes a point of being ahead of time stands a good chance of being ahead of the game.

¶ The man who frequently goes "up in the air" seldom gets very far.

¶ Vim wins.

¶ A WELL-FORMED life is of more moment than the best-formed statue ever chiseled.

¶ IT'S a long lane that has no turning." Yes, but don't overlook the fact that you have to " make " the turn.

¶ STERN necessity often proves to have been our best friend.

¶ KEEP your eye on your job and you won't see so many faults in others.

¶ AUTOMOBILES that are not self-starters are out of date. So are employees.

¶ IT may be no disgrace to be defeated. It is a disgrace to stay defeated.

¶ THERE'S more fun in doing than in seeking favors.

¶ The surest way to get higher up is to co-operate all you possibly can with the higher-ups.

¶ Do; don't dodge.

¶ Your love isn't worth much to anybody unless you are willing to labor.

¶ To have high ideals won't avail much unless you are prepared to do a lot of hard hiking and climbing.

¶ We usually have to earn a thing before we get it.

¶ Develop pluck. Let the other fellow trust to luck.

¶ The fellow with the swelled head is pretty certain to be a pinhead.

¶ Count yourself on the toboggan the moment you begin to be sorry for yourself.

¶ Hate hurts the hater more than the hated.

¶ The man who insists upon always getting his own way is in danger of getting little else.

¶ Don't think too much of yourself or others won't share your view.

¶ Remember, brother, "The man worth while is the man who can smile" under such conditions as we all experience at times.

¶ The most priceless pictures of all are those we hang on the walls of our memory.

¶ To draw wages you didn't earn is stealing.

¶ It costs a bee its life to sting. It costs mortals almost as much.

¶ The man who sells his health for wealth makes a poor bargain.

¶ The team never elects a selfish player captain.

¶ Work isn't enough. You must think.

¶ Whimpering never kept a leaking vessel from foundering. Vigorously manning the pumps has. Get busy with your head and hands, not your chin.

¶ Have a goal other than gold or you'll end up a disappointed mortal.

¶ The best salesman is he who gives satisfaction.

¶ No man is completely a failure as long as he retains faith that he will one day succeed.

¶ SMILES shorten the miles.

¶ CULTIVATE your brain, not your brayin'.

¶ A SUCCESS recipe: Study; think; work.

¶ THE line of least resistance sometimes isn't straight. Therefore, watch your step.

¶ KEEP your eye on the clock — in the morning.

¶ DRIVE yourself, not others.

¶ "RICHES have wings." Yes; but not strong enough to carry anyone to the hilltop of success.

¶ Do, or by and by you will be undone.

¶ Our best possessions are our thoughts and our friends.

¶ The sign every business concern looks for most keenly is the one that appears on the dotted line.

¶ In a sense, our companions are our partners. They help to make or unmake us.

¶ Don't wait for something to turn up. Go and turn it up.

¶ It will pay you better to think out how to do your work better than to think out how to get the better of your boss.

¶ To control a big organization is fine. To control self is better.

¶ In these days the employee who is worth little is worthless.

¶ Take the broom and sweep out Gus Gloom.

¶ The man who gives to his life's work the best that is in him usually gets a fair return in the end.

¶ Not a few of those who work the hardest need money the least. The recompense they seek is not made of metal.

¶ A happy wedding: The wedding of optimism and energy.

¶ Conceit is an attribute of the weak.

¶ The idea to have: "If the office does not dignify me, I shall dignify the office."

¶ A LICKING once in a while helps to keep us in condition.

¶ENVY poisons.

¶DON'T work for applause. Work for results. The applause will then take care of itself.

¶ A FAMOUS publisher recently issued this admonition to his editors: "Give both sides, and if there are three sides to any case, give the third one also." Is there a thought in this for you?

¶ WORK your imagination, yes. But also work.

¶ To be a gentleman, just be gentle.

¶ BATTLE, but don't prattle.

¶ Play the game, and, win or lose, be game.

¶ There are some failures in Fifth avenue palaces and some successes in unskilled labor gangs.

¶ The best time to have courage is when others lose theirs.

¶ Be your own efficiency expert by doing your job the best way it can be done.

¶ Just waiting sometimes is a virtue. Sweating more often is.

¶ Are you sure your troubles are not mostly self-created?

¶ If you had no difficulties to triumph over you would have no triumph. Make this thought part of your mental equipment.

¶ To get, give.

¶ Neither fortune nor fame comes from lying long abed.

¶ The best kind of pride is pride in your work.

¶ Grouchiness pays no dividends.

¶ To become an all-round man, be on the square.

¶ Give rope to hope.

¶ Organize, systematize, deputize, realize.

¶ Your worst enemies lurk within yourself.

¶ Mankind's arch enemy is ignorance.

¶ A Fourth of July thought: The best brand of independence is independence of handicapping habits.

¶ What counts is not "How much have you?" but "What have you done?"

¶ Indolence leads to idleness and idleness to iniquity.

¶ To become a top-notcher, keep in top-notch fettle mentally and physically.

¶ The whole philosophy of life can be summed up in two little words: Be kind.

¶ Don't forget until too late that the business of life is not business, but living.

¶ Few men can handle money they didn't earn.

¶ When everything moves smoothly for any length of time, watch out.

¶ Poverty can be a disgrace.

¶ Vanity betokens littleness.

¶ To make headway, improve your head.

¶ The man with a crooked streak can't think straight.

¶ The really big man never allows his head to get too big.

¶ Be fair; then you need fear neither God nor man.

¶ Do more than you are paid for. Some day you will collect.

¶ The poorest specimen of "fish" is he who is sel-fish.

¶ Mankind's salvation lies in education.

¶ Incompetence most often springs from indifference.

¶ Many a man thinks he is patient when, in reality, he is indifferent.

¶ I once revisited a city and was coming away sad when one handclasp sent me off with a smiling heart. Why not be the one to give similar handclasps?

¶ Look upon your duties, not as so many obligations, but as opportunities.

¶ After all, the shortest road is the straight road.

¶ IMPROVE your mind and your output will improve.

¶ ACT, or you'll become reactionary.

¶ IF you don't do your best you will get the worst of it in the end.

¶ THE fellow who fancies himself "the whole cheese" is at least a piece of it.

¶ PURPOSE and perspiration are a winning team.

¶ BE as busy as you like but never buzzy.

¶ MEET obstacles — or meet failure.

¶ WHAT epitaph would you like to earn? Think this over, and formulate an answer. It's a wholesome exercise.

¶ And do it with a smile on your lips even if you have no song in your heart.

¶ Don't condemn all capitalists. You may be one some day.

¶ When everybody's timid, leaders emerge. "Do it now."

¶ Winning teams are not captained by pessimists.

¶ Use your mind or you will never be of much use.

¶ We may think we want justice. What we want is mercy. We need it.

¶ To cut an enviable figure in the world is of more moment than having an enviable figure in the bank.

THE RECIPE

By Berton Braley

It's doing your job the best you can
And being just to your fellow man;
It's making money — but holding friends,
And staying true to your aims and ends;
It's figuring how and learning why,
And looking forward and thinking high,
And dreaming a little and doing much;
It's keeping always in closest touch
With what is finest in word and deed;
It's being thorough, yet making speed;
It's daring blithely the field of chance
While making labor a brave romance;
It's going onward despite defeat
And fighting staunchly, but keeping sweet;
It's being clean and it's playing fair;
It's laughing lightly at Dame Despair;
It's looking up at the stars above,
And drinking deeply of life and love;
It's struggling on with the will to win,
But taking loss with a cheerful grin;

It's sharing sorrow and work and mirth,
And making better this good old earth;
It's serving, striving through strain and stress,
It's doing your Noblest — that's Success!

¶ Fear pays no dividends.

¶ Golf is an ideal diversion, but a ruinous disease.

¶ The worker who does good work ranks with any man noted for good works.

¶ Any time is a good time to start carrying out a new idea.

¶ "Riches have wings." Yes; but they can fly to you as well as from you — provided you deserve them and would be any better off if you got them.

¶ Loafing is not living. Living is doing.

¶ If you can't stand adversity you're not fitted to stand prosperity. Think this over.

¶ Don't imagine that because you wear hobnail shoes and a blue shirt that you work harder than any man in patent leather shoes and silk shirt. Brain work can be more killing than brawn work.

¶ Hustle, or you'll get left behind.

¶ You can't express yourself unless you get a move on.

¶ "A man isn't poor if he can still laugh," declared Raymond Hitchcock when haled into the bankruptcy court. Said Carnegie: "Millionaires seldom laugh." Do your own moralizing.

¶ Covetousness kills content.

¶ Honestly, are you as badly off as you make yourself believe you are?

¶ Be sure to distinguish between having self-respect and having conceit. The first is indispensable. The second is contemptible.

¶ A clean conscience is better than unclean cash.

¶ Happiness doesn't just happen. It has to be earned. Everything has.

¶ The fellow who is always late never blames himself. If he did, he would cease being late.

¶ Put much into the world and in turn much will be put into your world

¶ Pray not for more wages, but for more earning power. The former will follow the latter.

¶ A sage once said that it isn't so very important how far you have gone, but that it is tremendously important that you should be headed in the right direction. Are you?

¶ Show nerve, not nerves.

¶ Every now and again get away from everybody and indulge in quiet thought, having as your motive the desire to become a better human being. It helps.

¶ Be more willing to help those who need it than those who don't.

¶ Cringing and crawling will not get you very far in the end.

¶ Courage wins. The late Henry P. Davison stopped the doctors who were preparing to operate on him and told them a funny story!

¶ The highest form of spending is spending self for others.

¶ Self-preservation carried to the point of selfishness can lead to self-destruction.

¶ About the greatest possession of all is a warm, unchangeable sense of our brotherhood with all our fellow humans. Without this, we are not fully rich.

¶ Thistles hurt unless grasped firmly. Business is thistly sometimes.

¶ Success usually calls for leg-work as well as head-work.

¶ An empty head leads to an empty pocket.

¶ To mount, accept the Sermon on the Mount as your guide.

¶ Branch out — or be kicked out.

¶ Envy no man who has little work to do. Be assured he is not really happy.

¶ Strength comes from struggle, weakness from ease.

¶ Find fault and you stand little chance of finding success.

¶ The worst pest is the pessimist.

¶ Luxuries breed laziness and laziness breeds failure.

¶ Don't worry so very much about what people think of you, but see to it that they ought to think well of you. That's all-important.

¶ The real satisfaction comes from the struggle, not from the reward.

¶ Unless you conduct your business in a way that profits your character, your other profits won't do you much good.

¶ Go around sowing trouble and you'll by-and-by reap dismissal.

¶ The shirker, haven't you noticed, is usually a grouch?

¶ Each one of us can be a Babe Ruth to this extent: We can keep on striking out as hard as we know how.

¶ The best kind of "pull" is push.

¶ If you can today improve your method of handling your work, your work will be easier tomorrow.

¶ It's easy enough to keep your head in smooth, shallow water, but it takes a strong swimmer to reach anywhere amid storm and breakers.

¶ Humility becomes ability.

¶ Avoid turning sharp corners. That way lies disaster.

¶ The most important bar every prominent man has to face is the bar of public opinion.

¶ The fellow who wins by a fluke loses sooner or later.

¶ The way to land orders is to keep on angling with all your skill.

¶ As James J. Hill used to say: "There'll be no pockets in your shroud."

¶ Which can you be likened to in your organization, a drop of oil that helps to make things run smoothly, or a grain of sand that tends to hurt the gears?

¶ Unless you deposit wealth in your mind, you'll never be truly rich.

¶ Every executive should know that the surest way to rise to the top of the ladder is to provide every possible stepping-stone for others.

¶ To keep in pace with the universe, keep moving.

¶ Over-sleeping and over-eating hurt more people than over-working.

¶ To sink, sulk.

¶ Thrift lifts.

¶ "Tomorrow is also a day," the Chinese chide hustlers. But who wants to be as the Chinese?

¶ The fellow who isn't fired with enthusiasm is apt to be fired.

¶ At least be as cheerful as you can.

¶ It is more worth while to take pains to be agreeable to those under you than to those over you. Neither fawn nor growl.

¶ Insight wins.

¶ If you're ashamed of your position you should be ashamed of yourself.

¶ Carelessness and failure are twins.

¶ To succeed, act with tact.

¶ Businesswise, goodwill spells gold.

¶ Saving is having.

¶ Sweat or be swatted.

¶ I once asked a man how he had cultivated his wonderful consideration for others, and he replied: "I often picture myself about to have my eyes closed for me and asking myself, 'What would I do with my life if I had a chance to live it over again?' I'm trying to have as few deathbed regrets as possible."

¶ Remember Judas. He got the money he coveted — and then found that he had paid too bitter a price. So he went and hanged himself.

¶If top-notch effort yields you no happiness, there's something wrong with you or your efforts. Sit down and do some analyzing.

¶ Hard knocks keep us from becoming flabby morally as well as physically.

¶ Disease is dis-ease. A good-working high-power ambition is one preventive.

¶ Cinches don't last.

¶ A loud mouth betokens low intelligence.

¶ If you and your job are not friends, part company.

¶ When in a fix, sweating will get you farther than swearing.

¶ Use, don't abuse your vacation. Health is essential to success.

¶ To live, give.

¶ Let mules do the kicking.

¶ It is not incumbent upon you to be shiningly successful. It is incumbent upon you to be kind.

¶ You have no idea how big the other fellow's troubles are.

¶ True economy sometimes calls for courageous expenditure as well as for courageous saving.

¶ If you fear changes, you're not filling your job one hundred per cent.

¶ Action will get you farther than asking.

¶ It's all right to aspire to control others, but have you begun with Number One?

¶ Men of the right mettle fight best when their backs are to the wall.

¶ There is a better market for smiles than frowns.

¶ Put the I CAN in Amer-i-can.

¶ Sweating, sticking, smiling and success all begin with "s."

¶ Let not your motto be "Get By," but "Get On."

¶ MAKE sure the prize you chase is worth the cost.

¶ FOR salesmen — and many others — lego-motion is a prerequisite to promotion.

¶ CONCEIT never earns a dividend or promotion. Conscientiousness does.

¶ SAYING "No," usually extolled as a virtue, can, in business, become a vice. Progress most often comes from saying "Yes."

¶ WE all have bosses.

¶ IT'S noble to succeed, but it's nobler still to help the other fellow to succeed.

¶ THE highest form of salesmanship is nothing but service.

¶ YOUR greatest business asset is the people who do your business, your workers.

¶ "WATCH and pray" — and work.

¶ YOU who are prosperous, don't forget that prosperity tends to harden.

¶ SAVING and success are twin brothers.

¶ ADVERSITY can teach virtues often overlooked by success.

¶ ALL success represents education of one kind or another.

¶ THE man who has never been "up against it" hasn't developed his full manhood.

¶ THERE is no cash in conceit.

¶ If your heart's in money you haven't much of a place in the hearts of others. Don't fool yourself that you have.

¶ Have respect for others or you will not have the respect of others.

¶ Hammering hardens steel but plays havoc with putty. Which are you?

¶ Sweat — and smile.

¶ Become self-centered and by-and-by nobody will object. You will simply be shunned.

¶ Getting on is largely a matter of getting up each time you are knocked down.

¶ To rise, save.

¶ 'Ware of dry rot either in your business or yourself.

¶ Small minds can look only for small opportunities.

¶ A motto for your desk: TIME IS LIFE. DON'T MURDER ME.

¶ Instead of always trying to get the best of a bargain, try giving the best of it once in a while. Note the inward effect of your experiment.

¶ There's no real fun in fooling people.

¶ Given health, work you enjoy is the greatest gift life holds.

¶ We can't all be swift as hares, but surely we can get up as much speed as a tortoise.

¶ If Lincoln found time occasionally to smile, even in the midst of war, why should we go around with chronic grouches because of our petty inconveniences?

¶ Low habits don't lead to a high position.

¶To be happy, be friendly.

¶ Staying-power is more important than braying-power.

¶ To get credit, first get a reputation.

¶ "Nobody is essential." But that's no reason why you shouldn't make yourself as essential as you can.

¶ What you are is more important than what you've got.

¶ To manage men, be a gentleman.

¶ Remember, employees like to comply with requests rather than gruffly-given orders.

¶ Work is what you make it, your best friend or your worst enemy.

¶ The ass is noted for his braying, the mule for his kicking. Don't ape either.

¶ Fill your job or your pay envelope may contain more than your wages — a dismissal slip.

¶ Every act is a boomerang. Read that again.

¶ Succumb to luxuries and you may succumb to temptations to gratify them. Endure hardship, rather.

¶ Employers now want to know a young man's school record. They like leaders.

¶ To last, stick to the last.

¶ "I" is at the centre of happ-i-ness.

¶ It is better to err on the side of initiative than inactivity.

¶ Each of us carries within us a more accurate recording-machine than any made by human hands. Only, we don't always exhibit the record.

¶ To have "principle" adds to the "interest" of business.

¶ First know where you want to get. Then concentrate upon fitting yourself to make the journey.

¶ CHEERFULNESS aids work as well as digestion.

¶ THE fellow who feels above his job will always have others above him.

¶ THERE is one war that is never over: the war with self. How fares it?

¶ WHEN anyone "puts over" something on me I feel sorry — for him.

¶ IF you feel that every man's hand is against you it's a sign that you're out only for Number One — and that other people know it.

¶ THE best sleeping-draught is a generous dose of hard work.

¶ SHIRK and you shrink.

¶ Succeeding comes only by trying.

¶ Patience is not only a virtue, but it pays.

¶ Stamina oftentimes is the parent of success.

¶ You cannot help the kind of brains you are born with, but you can help the kind you go through life with. And that's what counts.

¶ If you're afraid to train an understudy you're not big enough for your job.

¶ Direct your legs with your head.

¶ Which shall win: Appetite or aspiration?

¶ It is better to be a doer than an heir.

¶ Every dollar you save is a plank leading towards individual — and national — prosperity.

¶ Self-interest demands that you be interested in the well-being of others.

¶ Strong men don't need to use strong talk.

¶ Never let depression depress you, or you're done for.

¶ To accumulate, expend the best that is in you.

¶ Every storm leads to calm.

¶ Goodness is good business.

¶ Try and you may; don't and you won't.

¶ CHARACTER begets credit and credit begets capital.

¶ To get there it is necessary to get a move on.

¶ A recipe for happiness: Give and forgive.

¶ PRAY, yes. But when you get off your knees, don't sit down. Hustle.

¶ IF you are indifferent you'll sooner or later find yourself in wrong.

¶ REALLY big men love to lock arms with difficulties that would floor weaklings. They find joy in heroic effort.

¶ CONCENTRATION begets penetration.

¶ THERE's only one letter of difference between l-e-a-r-n-i-n-g and e-a-r-n-i-n-g.

¶ YOU can't win by running away. Cowards and truants do that.

¶ IT's better to get licked than never to have put up a game fight.

¶ IF you are on the right track, the winds and tides are with you and will get you there in the end — if you don't give up.

¶ SHUN ease.

¶ MAKE every day a strenuous day.

¶ To work more, eat less.

¶ MANY a millionaire is a bankrupt as a man.

¶ The quality I most admire is Courage.

¶ Imagination, without knowledge, training, and experience is like lightning — uncontrolled electricity, liable to do damage.

¶ Heed and you'll lead.

¶ Bust rather than rust.

¶ If we never experienced bad times we would not appreciate good times.

¶ Play pays only when it adds to our powers.

¶ Don't be a cry-baby.

¶ The man who wins is he who holds on until he can hold on no longer — and then doesn't give up.

¶ Every fighter has to take a lot of punishment before he reaches the championship class.

¶ Courage counts.

¶ "The race is not to the swift." No; but neither is it to the lazy.

¶ The size of your body is of little account; the size of your brains is of much account; the size of your heart is of most account of all.

¶ Your brain is capable of becoming just as big as you take the pains to make it. To grow, it must be fed and exercised.

¶ If you go on as you are going, will you deserve to be farther ahead on December 1?

¶ Education that leads to knowledge is fine. Education that leads to action is better.

¶ In the olden days the flail was used by men to separate the chaff from the grain. The flail is being used on men today.

¶ Life should consist of doing, not merely being.

¶ Please remember that excuses never improve a product or a result.

¶ The best executive is the one who can develop the best that is in others.

¶ If a man succeeds, bank upon it there is a reason.

¶ Your best capital is yourself.

¶ A HEAD full of knowledge is like a full barrel: Not of much use until it dispenses its contents.

¶ THERE are in each year 365 opportunities — of twenty-four hours each.

¶ GOOD habits will in time make the going comfortable and easy.

¶ To succeed, wed work-power to your will-power.

¶ THERE'S sometimes a difference between winning a customer and winning an order. Win customers.

¶ IF you're sufficiently anxious to see and seize opportunities, you will have little time to note or talk about the shortcomings of others.

¶ After all, we are our brother's keeper. Nations that forget this perish. Individuals, too, lose out.

¶ The cheat deserves your pity as much as your condemnation. He is missing out in life.

¶ Bad habits, man's mortal enemy, must be slain or they will slay you.

¶ Laugh at least once in a while or you will be laughed at.

¶ Don't be impatient. The biggest jobs in America are nearly all held by men over 45, most of them over 50.

¶ Make the most of yourself and Dame Fortune is more than likely to make the most of you.

¶ FREEDOM means opportunity to give the world the best and most that is in you.

¶ "RAISING Cain" ends in a harvest of bitterness.

¶ A GOOD mental medicine is a good bank account honestly earned.

¶ THE best regulation is self-regulation.

¶ WHAT we need is more head-work, hand-work, and leg-work, and less jaw-work.

¶ THOSE who have never been through the depths of suffering cannot know the heights of joy.

¶ MOST of us, employers as well as employees, are put through an examination occasionally, and not all of us pass.

¶ Happiness costs less than unhappiness.

¶ Any man can face one day's trouble. It's trying to carry tomorrow's, too, that weighs us down.

¶ Grouch and you go.

¶ Two types employers don't like: male whimperers and female simperers.

¶ It isn't tight money or hard times that cause most failures. Look nearer home.

¶ Reputation must always form part of your collateral for credit.

¶ It may be true that the willing horse gets the heaviest load. But once in a while he also gets the most oats.

¶ The bank that pays the best interest is the one within yourself.

¶ Throw away the second half of "If."

¶ Look ahead or you won't go ahead.

¶ Don't depend on others, or by and by you won't be able to depend on yourself — nor will anyone else.

¶ Get right or get left.

¶ To build a well-rounded career be square.

¶ Try to discover your own shortcomings before your boss does.

¶ To make it easier for you to be given a higher place, train an understudy.

¶ Those who habitually keep late hours seldom rise early or far.

¶ "Doubles Plant Life by Control of Light," reads a headline. More enlightenment can double our own output.

¶ Do it better or you won't have a chance by and by to do it at all.

¶ Show me a happy person and I'll show you a busy one.

¶ Many a salesman carries around too abundant a supply of chin-goods.

¶ Your opinion of others is apt to be their opinion of you.

¶ If there were no difficulties there would be no triumphs.

¶ The idler sooner or later finds himself idle.

¶ It is more important to make friends than to make a mark.

¶ If you don't have patience you are never likely to have much else.

¶ Cheaters cheat themselves most of all.

¶ If you don't find yourself congenial company, others aren't likely to.

¶ A good deal of wincing usually precedes winning.

¶ If you're doing your best you are a success. But are you absolutely certain you are doing your best? Think it over carefully and prayerfully.

¶ No job should be easy. No job is easy if you put into it all your mind and might.

¶ To prosper, prepare. That usually costs sweat.

¶ Honestly, now, do you deserve Miss Fortune, or misfortune?

¶ The fellow who schemes merely to "get by" will finish up by getting the "go-by."

¶ Contentment can be either commendable or condemnable.

¶ Being self-willed is no certain sign of superior ability.

¶ The faultfinder is rarely a pathfinder.

¶ Most leaders are diligent readers.

¶ A THIN skin is a poor asset.

¶ DARE!

¶ To lick, stick.

¶ THE man who becomes puffed up is ready to fall down.

¶ UNLESS you are polite you miss a lot of life's joy.

¶ THERE *are* classes in America — and in every organization. You fix your own class, not by what you have or what you do, but by *how* you do it. Are you a second-rater?

¶ A SNOWFLAKE is a little thing. But enough of them can cause untold catastrophe. Bad habits are like that.

¶ Friends are worth more than fame. But the right kind of fame wins friends.

¶ Hang on!

¶ If you are looking for luck, search for it in the second letter — U.

¶ "Almost" never earned dividends or promotion.

¶ Put your organization first or you won't last.

¶ To do, be.

¶ When you work, work. When you play, play. Keep them apart.

¶ Trials temper us.

¶ He aims straight who is straight.

¶ Those who perpetually find fault usually have lots of their own.

¶ Just jog along and you won't hold your job long.

¶ Don't brag that you have a drag. Push.

¶ Comers are never laggards.

¶ The fellow who gets too big for his shoes is apt to finish up barefooted.

¶ Laziness is fatal.

¶ Your income depends on your output, be you sweating garment-maker or collar-and-cuff executive.

¶ Success usually is a plant of slow growth although its flowering may seem sudden.

¶ Being a thoroughbred doesn't depend upon your ancestors but upon you.

¶ Get out and hustle or be hustled out.

¶ Notice that the first part of manager spells "man."

¶ To earn more learn more.

¶ Three important C's: Commonsense; co-operation; courtesy.

¶ The source of most of your troubles you can find locked up in one letter, U.

¶ Time works for you only if you work.

THE BETTER PRAYER

I thank thee, Lord, for strength of arm
  To win my bread,
And that beyond my need is meat
  For friend unfed.
I thank thee much for bread to live,
I thank thee more for bread to give.

I thank thee, Lord, for snug-thatched roof
  In cold and storm,
And that beyond my need is room
  For friend forlorn.
I thank thee much for place to rest,
But more for shelter for my guest.

I thank thee, Lord, for lavish love
  On me bestowed,
Enough to share with loveless folk
  To ease their load.
Thy love to me I ill could spare,
Yet dearer is the love I share.

— Robert Davis.

¶ Opportunity knocks as often as a man has an ear trained to hear her, an eye trained to see her, a hand trained to grasp her, and a head trained to utilize her.

¶ The world bestows its rewards for results; our inward selves for effort.

¶ Do it better.

¶ Without aiming steadily you can't hope to hit the bull's-eye.

¶ Success consists not of getting, but of doing.

¶ You look at your own troubles through the magnifying end of the telescope, at the other fellow's through the other end. His are probably bigger than yours.

¶ The grouch throws sand into the machinery.

¶ Strive to be a racehorse rather than a truckhorse. Racehorses are thoroughbreds.

¶ The day's mile can be shortened by prefixing an "s" to it.

¶ Bad temper is bad business.

¶ Dodging work is the hardest work of all and yields the poorest returns.

¶ The man who sticks rarely gets stuck.

¶ Do you make up a mental balance-sheet of yourself every night?

¶ There's more fun in leading than lagging.

¶ Money is what you make it: a blessing or a curse. And a lot depends on how you make it.

¶ Verve is better than nerve.

¶ Note the central letter in "raise."

¶ Strict adherence to an eight-hour day may get you a living but it isn't likely to get you much else.

¶ You are your own pay-master.

¶ The dearest thing you can sell is your own self-respect.

¶ Your setbacks should set your teeth.

¶ Loafing leads to starvation.

¶ Does your recreation really re-create energy for your work? If not, change it.

¶ Before life's balance is finally struck, the meritorious worker gets paid, and the shirker has to pay.

¶ To fare well yourself, help along the welfare of others.

¶ When our final account comes to be made up a large heart will count for more than a large fortune.

¶ The fellow who plays cards brilliantly on the commuters' train every morning is not likely to do anything else very brilliantly during the day.

¶ To get more don't only work more but work more intelligently.

¶ If you don't build foundations as strong as a rock you are liable to land on the rocks.

¶ If we don't do all that we are paid to do, by and by nobody will want to pay us for what we do want to do.

¶ Useful work, not easy leisure, is the thing worth aspiring to.

¶ Mix that fine imagination of yours with elbow-grease.

¶ The fellow who blows hard seldom works hard.

¶ Notice that the first three letters in sinecure are sin.

¶ To rise from the bottom, get to the bottom of things.

¶ Do people really like to associate with you? Just think it over.

¶ "I" is at the center of c-l-i-m-b.

¶ Roosevelt said he would rather wear out than rust out. You?

¶ Have confidence in yourself only after you are entitled to.

¶ An active brain is of little use unless you act.

¶ If you can't submit to bossing you're never likely to boss.

¶ The employee who is late for work is liable to be late when Opportunity comes along.

¶ Sneers scar. Smiles heal.

¶ Are you doing your best? Ask the question yourself before your employer has to ask it.

¶ There's only one thing more important than knowing — doing.

¶ It's better to ask questions first than make apologies afterwards.

¶ To compete, be competent.

¶ Getting on means keeping on.

¶ Conquer in the battles with yourself, and the battle of life will become easier.

¶ Notice that ideas start with "I."

¶ Opportunity comes oftener than once — but never stays long if not welcomed.

¶ Look in and look up.

¶ Don't ride the high horse. The fall, when it comes, is hard.

¶ Don't be switched.

¶ Sourness spoils men as well as milk.

¶ Prosperity stays only with those it does not spoil.

¶ You may be ever so busy, but if you are doing the thing in the wrong way, you won't get very far.

¶ Wed intelligence to your industry.

¶ If your principles are all right, your policies don't matter so very much.

¶ Your aim may be all right, but how about your weapon — meaning you?

¶ The Golden Rule really isn't made of tinsel.

¶ His impatience has prevented many a fellow from taking firm root in the soil of success. Don't expect to reap the moment you sow.

¶ Education and edification are synonymous.

¶ "Knock and it shall be opened" doesn't apply to knockers.

¶ Principles pay the best interest.

¶ JUST because you have a good opinion of yourself is no reason why you should have a poor opinion of others.

¶ SELF-CONCEIT is self-destruction.

¶ IT isn't the color of your skin that determines whether you are "white" or not.

¶ WORK is the richest of all gold mines. It yields infinitely more than money, when tackled in the right spirit.

¶ ONLY goats "lose their goats."

¶ POWER is not to be regarded as conferring privileges but as imposing serious obligations.

¶ IMPUDENCE and incompetence usually go together.

¶ Before pay envelopes can be filled the company's treasury must be filled. And only honest production and honorable selling can do that.

¶ It's as easy to learn to be happy as it is to be grouchy — and there's a lot more fun in it.

¶ Fit yourself for work and you will find work that will fit you.

¶ It's all right to be particular about what you put on your body, but be still more particular about what you put in your head.

¶ "Carry on" is just as good a slogan today as it was during the war.

¶ Money is like honey: a little of it is sweet, but a superabundance cloys.

¶ Charles H. Sabin says there's a vein of pay dirt in every employee. Are you working yours to the limit?

¶ Luck and work are twins.

¶ The real fun is in the battle for success, not in the rewards victory lays in your lap.

¶ Insuring your life helps to insure your peace of mind.

¶ Have a purpose. Then plan and plug. Finally — plug still more.

¶ What you put in your head is very important. What you deliver out of your head is still more important.

¶ Stupidity is most often the result of laziness. Get busy.

¶ Edison — who ought to know — says the key to success is "Thinking." How goes it with you? Some people only think they think.

¶ Unhappiness can be spelled with four letters: Debt.

¶ To pull ahead, pull yourself together.

¶ If you are well educated, are you a good or a poor testimonial for education?

¶ You must manufacture your own joy. The only real joy-factory is within yourself.

¶ All the failures in life don't wear ragged clothes. Many wear jewels and ride in limousines.

¶ Adversity often precedes advancement.

¶ To put the best quality in your work you must put yourself into it.

¶ Feel discouraged? Remember, the goal worth reaching isn't reached easily.

¶ The best tools are a keen will and diligent fingers.

¶ The man who can't make his mind up is not likely to make much else.

¶ If you don't make up your mind to enjoy your work you're a fool.

¶ In the end we usually get just about what we deserve. Sometimes we get it where we deserve it — in the neck.

¶ A well-filled head leads to a well-filled job.

¶ The slacker finally lands in a tight place.

¶ Your highest duty is to be helpful.

¶ There's more fun in being forbearing than overbearing.

¶ Don't court the fate of the drone.

¶ Do, but don't overdo.

¶ Those who have risen farthest, I find, often are early risers.

¶ Mix a little heart as well as head with your business

¶ If you are really a superior worker, you don't need to talk about it. The results will speak for themselves.

¶ Encourage; don't discourage.

¶ Any fool can give up. The thing to do is to keep up.

¶ Your work is your best advertisement.

¶ Work done with a will yields more satisfaction than any amount of idling.

¶ By practicing intelligent self-help you help your fellow-mortals.

¶ In the end, it's a case of work or walk.

¶ Science is nothing but applied common-sense.

¶ Good times for all can only be the product of good work by all.

¶ THERE is no higher rank than that of worker. No title can ever make a loafer a noble-man.

¶ THINKING will get you farther than talking — that is, if you harness your thoughts to action.

¶ THE wages of idleness is demotion.

¶ To win and keep friends, be one.

¶ A NATION, like an individual, has this choice and this choice only, hard work, or hard times.

¶ REMEMBER that drones finally are kicked out.

¶ THE best reward is the sense of worthy achievement.

¶ DEFEAT is often a spur to victory.

¶ THE strutter carries his head so high that he is apt to stub his toe.

¶ THERE must be output before there can be income.

¶ YOU can't advance if you sit still.

¶ NOTICE that "I" is at the center of w-i-n.

¶ ONE investment that pays good dividends is stick-to-itiveness.

¶ IF you don't save, don't expect ever to become more than a hired man.

¶ A FAILURE may be a rung in the ladder leading to success.

¶ Turn your ability into cap-ability.

¶ Hoarding good cheer is as condemnable as hoarding cash. Both, when put out, can earn interest.

¶ Thinking costs nothing, yet creates everything.

¶ The prizes today are bigger than ever before for those who can hit the bull's eye. But marksmanship demands calm nerves, clear eyes and steady hands — and infinite practice. Are you training?

¶ You are always looking for the key to success? It is to be found only on your own person.

¶ The secret of happiness might almost be expressed in one word — Helpfulness.

¶ Hot air fills no pay envelopes.

¶ If you dig deep enough into the cause of your non-success you will find it. It is spelled s-e-l-f.

¶ To get up in the world get up steam.

¶ It's better to be short of cash than short of character.

¶ If you can't so manage your own affairs as to be ahead of the game, how can you expect others to trust you to handle their affairs?

¶ Laws cannot make prosperity. Only brains and brawn, industriously exercised, can.

¶ Ability and reliability make a good team.

¶ Winners might be spelled w-o-r-k-e-r-s.

¶ The only money worth having is the money you yourself earn.

¶ Prove your worth by improving it.

¶ To qualify to give orders, be orderly.

¶ The measure of a man's success is what he is and what he does, not what he has.

¶ Your boss does not determine your salary. You do.

¶ Happiness is usually to be found in effort.

¶ At least we can be rich in our own minds. And that, after all, is where the most worthwhile wealth resides.

¶ To score, set up a target.

¶ Loose spending is liable to land one in a tight corner.

¶ It pays to do a little better than seems necessary.

¶ Another way of spelling success:—s-w-e-a-t.

¶ I asked the president of the Central Union Trust Company of New York, George W. Davison, his formula for getting ahead. He replied in three short words: "Keep at it."

¶ To salesmen: To qualify as an issuer of orders, get orders.

¶ The best time to hold on is when you reach the point where the average fellow would quit.

¶ Notice how often "I" figures in initiative, that propeller towards success.

¶ The fellow who's "not there" won't stay there long.

¶ Move or you'll find yourself re-moved.

¶ The best time to loaf is after you're dead.

¶ If you don't take an interest in your work, you're not likely to draw much interest on savings.

¶ Being a real American isn't a matter of birthplace. It's a matter of mental make-up.

¶ Think and you won't sink.

¶ Real doers rarely are doleful.

¶ A TIP for girls in business: Pay more attention to making up your minds than to making up your face and you'll fare better.

¶ IT will better your own opportunity to give opportunity to others.

¶ A TOUGH journey toughens the man made of the right stuff.

¶ CINCHES may look and taste sweet for a time, but sooner or later they turn sour.

¶ A LIGHT heart makes work light.

¶ USE your will to take the hill.

¶ CHARACTER, like gold, is acceptable currency in all countries.

¶ Don't make it necessary to have some one put over you to see that you keep up the pressure in your boiler.

¶ A short temper and a long head rarely go together.

¶ It may be trite to say that the only way to get happiness is to give it, yet a lot of people don't seem to have learned it.

¶ No really big boss ever objects to having some fellow do his work for him. The big boss can always find something else bigger to do.

¶ Some people are so methodical that that is all they are or ever will be.

¶ To get workers on the high gear give them a word of cheer.

¶ UNTIL you learn that work is your best friend, not your worst enemy, you will never go far — except downhill.

¶ ONLY asses bray.

¶ FORTUNES perish. Character lives.

¶ To be successful, be yourself, they say. That's all right, but you must first see to it that yourself is O. K.

¶ TALK is not always cheap. It often costs a man his job. Sometimes girls, too.

¶ A SMILE oils life's bearings.

¶ SINECURES are never long secure.

¶ LISTENING often pays better than talking.

¶ If you can successfully guard against it the other 364 days of the year, you can afford to be made a fool of on April 1st.

¶ To go far, it will help to start early each morning.

¶ We can't all win applause, but we can strive to win the applause of our own better selves.

¶ Wealth consists of a healthy discontent.

¶ There's more lying about money than about any other one thing in the world. Money isn't half the curse it's often painted — nor half the blessing. It all depends on who owns it.

¶ The poorest way to be busy is to be a busybody.

¶ After all, there's no substitute for work. That applies to nations as well as individuals.

¶ The wise man always wants to teach someone to fill his place.

¶ Liars lose out in the end.

¶ Sometimes failure develops a man quicker and better than success would.

¶ Criticizing, like charity, should begin at home.

¶ If you want to become a getter-on you must be something more than a looker-on.

¶ Winds of adversity cause weak vessels to founder, but merely speed staunch vessels on their voyage.

¶ The proud shall not inherit the earth, only its illwill.

¶ To have a high batting average of your own is infinitely more important than having a storehouse of knowledge of the batting averages of baseball stars.

¶ The number of diplomas a young man has in his pocket, isn't half as important as the amount of determination he has in his head.

¶ Setbacks stiffen your backbone if it's made of the right stuff.

¶ If your life isn't planned you'll end by being panned.

¶ Some men would rather rise to high rank in a fraternal order than rank high as a worker. And their work is likely to show it.

¶ I ASKED John D. Rockefeller to what he most attributed his business success. He replied: "To others." Ponder that. It contains deep philosophy for you.

¶ IF you are a brain-worker, let nothing — nothing — crush out your individuality. It is your contribution to the world. No one else can supply it.

¶ To master circumstances, first master your work.

¶ THE question of questions is: Are you adding to the world's happiness?

¶ To keep your body healthy, keep your mind healthy.

¶ ONCE in a while, look up at the stars and, as you gaze, think.

¶ You must prove yourself a profitable investment for your employer, or why should he keep you? Don't be at all afraid you will make yourself too profitable. He or some other employer will be glad to share the profit with you.

¶ Be a peace-maker.

¶ Ability to make a passable speech is like an account in the bank; a valuable asset, only it must not be drawn upon too heavily.

¶ The more you disappoint, the more your disappointments.

¶ A really good man usually, in time, gravitates to a good job.

¶ The pathway to happiness begins in the heart and lies through the hearts of others.

¶ If there be an elixir of life, it is laughter.

¶ To make good, be good for something.

¶ Be fit.

¶ If you are meek enough, nothing — no one — can frighten, intimidate or swerve you.

¶ Are you a wage-earner, or only a wage-wanter?

¶ Not how much you have, but how you are using what you have is, after all, the real test, is it not?

¶ Radiate.

¶ Right manners and right methods will make you a winner.

¶ The best expenditure of all is the expenditure of self in helpful, honorable, worthwhile effort.

¶ One thing only I fear: the consequences of my own sins. You?

¶ The slumberer sooner or later becomes an encumberer.

¶ The thing the lack of which makes you so unhappy — are you sure you would be happy if you had it?

¶ Every honest day's work is as a stone added to your monument.

¶ Fame without aim is a soap-bubble.

¶ After storm, calm. After striving, success.

¶ WITHOUT faith, how infinitely futile would all things be! Having faith, how worthwhile do life and effort become.

¶ TRAIN.

¶ A HIGH goal unattained is preferable to a low goal attained.

¶ YOU pride yourself on how much you know? How much are you doing to pass it on to others?

¶ WORK, not figuring, makes ends meet.

¶ LOOK into the mirror less and into your mind more.

¶ Do you worry as much about whether you pay your boss well as you do about getting him to pay you well?

¶ If you do your best, you can stand up against the worst that may befall.

¶ To bear the best fruit, dig your roots down deep.

¶ You don't need to fear tomorrow if you have done your level best today.

¶ Consider, always, the end.

¶ Devious doings beget two bitter fruits: debts and disgrace.

¶ In making your living, try to make yourself agreeable to others, and thus help to make the world go round more harmoniously.

¶ Are you sure you are giving the world a square deal?

¶ THE pathway to power lies through service.

¶ FUNNY, but aren't the compliments we least deserve the ones that most tickle our pride?

¶ THAT business which does not serve a useful purpose dooms those involved in it.

¶ PERSEVERANCE tells.

¶ "IN union is strength," only when the union is righteous, not rotten.

¶ SPEND less time talking about what you have done and more time in planning wise things to do.

¶ THAT which you take up, master. Let only one thing master you: your will.

¶ To be well thought of, think of others.

¶ The possessions most worth having are all carried inside your skin.

¶ The truth doesn't hurt unless it ought to.

¶ The best investment of all is the investment of thoughtfulness and endeavors for the well-being and happiness of others.

¶ Above all, don't drift purposelessly, idly, discontentedly. Do; strive; sweat; serve.

¶ The fellow who has a "drag" usually is a drag on the organization.

¶ Good food, good habits, good digestion contribute to good judgment. And good judgment is the raw material of success.

¶ HELPFULNESS helps self.

¶ IF business is slack with you, tighten your belt and go to it.

¶ IT'S better to lose smilingly than to win whiningly.

¶ GENEROSITY pays generous dividends.

¶ FAILURE is the salt, success the sugar, of life. Both have their place.

¶ HE is rich, he is a king, he is a ruler who has mastered self-control.

¶ To become a star, aim at the stars.

¶ ASK yourself: "What am I doing?" And, "What shall it profit me?"

¶ If you are asking, "What's the use?" it means that you are in danger of allowing your life to become useless. The world is largely a reflection of ourselves.

¶ Difficulties vanquished, strengthen.

¶ You are unjust to yourself when you are unjust to others.

¶ If you have youth, success is within your power of attainment.

¶ The free spender often ends up by feeling free to spend other people's money.

¶ Edward Bok says there's little jostling or crowding on the road that leads to success. He traveled it himself. Therefore, he knows.

¶ Life is like a bank: You get out of it what you put into it — with interest added.

¶ Life insurance helps self-assurance.

¶ Ability involves adaptability.

¶ A swelled head leads to mis-steps.

¶ You are as heroic as the most heroic if you are doing your darndest — and doing it with a smile.

¶ Not "Who are you?" but "What are you?" is the real question.

¶ Don't let ambition kill your scruples.

¶ I'd rather be poor and deserve love than rich and deserve hate.

¶ Be generous in complimenting, niggardly in complaining.

¶ To be a nobody, do nothing.

¶ Remember, a man may be a millionaire as the bank teller counts, but a bankrupt as the good Lord counts.

¶ The sticker seldom gets stuck.

¶ Be on the level and you're not likely to go downhill.

¶ It doesn't help a great deal to know more than others if you don't put your knowledge to work.

¶ What you wear may be of some importance. How you wear is of more importance.

¶ Don't stand still. Go after something worth going after.

¶ The man who harbors hard feelings has a soft spot in his brain.

¶ The man who has ceased to be pretty much of a boy hasn't made so very much of a success of his life.

¶ They talk about this money being better than that money. The best money of all is the money you earn for yourself honestly and honorably.

¶ A good New Year resolution: "I'll try my earnest best to be true to my better self."

¶ After all, it is better to be right than rich.

¶ Hard training makes for easier going.

¶ Lots of rocks help to make a firm foundation.

¶ The person who is always "on pins and needles" usually is a pin-head.

¶ Breaking records are not worth while if they entail breaking hearts.

¶ Be mannerly. Good manners, like most things, can be cultivated by taking pains.

¶ If you find pleasure in your work, you're better off than many a rich loafer.

¶ If you want your ship to come in, steer a straight course.

¶ Some men are more eager to hit back at others than to hit out for themselves.

THE AUDIT

By Berton Braley

Just what are you worth? Did you ever consider
What you might assay to a cold-blooded bidder?
Did you ever take stock of yourself — figure out
Your value, the way that an auditor would
Who had to appraise you correctly? No doubt
The showing you made would be perfectly good,
But why not look over the data at hand
And strike off a balance and see how you stand?

Now what are your assets? How much can you show
Of Energy, Industry, Quickness and Go;
How high can you estimate what you possess
Of Honesty, Pluck and Stick-to-it-iveness?

Ambition, Foresightedness, Humor and Health
(These qualities count as a part of your wealth),
How much of them have you? Look over the lot
And set down quite honestly just what you've got!

And now — Liabilities; put them down too.
Bad habits, for instance, how many have you?
Then — Procrastination and Thoughtlessness, yes,
And lack of assurance which hampers success;
Foot up all your faults to the proper amount
And set them down there in that private account.

And then if you've calmly and coldly surveyed
This list of your qualities, neatly arrayed,
And tested the figures and found they're correct
And fit for an auditor's eye to inspect;

You're ready to cast up the balance and see
Just what your unpadded *net value* will be.
The total may please you, and then — it may
not,
But anyhow, brother, you know what is what,
And when you've learned that, and you've
got it quite clear,
You'll make up your mind to do better this
year.

¶ SUCCESS is nothing but doing your full duty to the very best of your ability. Whatever rewards come are only trimmings.

¶ BEING square helps both an individual and a business to square accounts in the long run.

¶ To enjoy ease towards the end of life, shun it early in life.

¶ A SHORT temper shortens your life.

¶ Choose play that helps you to earn your pay.

¶ Oaks spring from acorns, yes — but not overnight.

¶ If you have ceased finding joy in being a Santa Claus, you are to be pitied.

¶ It's not what you expect but what you deserve that counts.

¶ Don't sit down and take what comes; go after what you want.

¶ The world has a habit of finding out those who are not "there."

¶ Where and how would you like to finish up? Are you holding to the pathway thither?

¶ THERE's something you can achieve without effort: failure. Nothing else.

¶ THE stingy usually get stung.

¶ THE things most worthwhile for you are within your reach — if you reach hard enough and long enough.

¶ FEARS breed tears.

¶ FOR you, the most important organization of all is the proper organization of your own life and habits and activities.

¶ To last, have ballast.

¶ To become a magnate, be magnetic.

¶ BE game and play the game.

¶ It's better to have congenial work and little wealth than much wealth and no work.

¶ To keep up with the procession, don't dawdle.

¶ The pathway to position usually has to be sprinkled with perspiration.

¶ Keep your courage up and your temper down.

¶ If you don't first learn to answer promptly to the order "Come!" you are little likely to reach the position of giving the order "Go!"

¶ Making a fool of others doesn't necessarily proclaim you a wise man.

¶ Let your *work* be your best advertisement.

¶ THERE usually is a bird to be found in the bush if you know how to beat the bush properly.

¶ DON'T envy; emulate.

¶ OPTIMISM must be based on effort.

¶ CAST out suspicion.

¶ SELF-RELIANCE is useless unless you have made yourself reliable.

¶ LEARN to learn if you would learn to earn.

¶ BE true to self — and most people will be true to you.

¶ To go forward is important. To go straight is more important.

¶ When everything — everything — everything — goes against you and you feel discouraged to the point of despair — try getting off alone and gazing into the heavens in perfect quietness and solitude. See if your troubles do not diminish at least a little.

¶ Doubt deadens.

¶ Get your motives, your principles, your ambitions right, and nothing can utterly daunt you. Inward strength will succor and sustain you.

¶ Infuse into your faith, forcefulness.

¶ The weak are quickest to condemn the weak.

¶ Power comes from ability intelligently and persistently applied.

¶ Success won by injuring others isn't success; it's sin.

¶ To rise above the crowd, crowd your days and hours with study, observation, effort and resolution.

¶ Glory not in having *more* than others, but in doing more.

¶ The crooked path leads down hill.

¶ Don't seek things. Seek to serve. Then and then only can you become rich in mind and soul.

¶ The worker who habitually shows up last in the morning is usually the first to complain about the boss.

¶ Hard going trains you to climb.

¶ YOUR employer can't afford to pay you for excuses, only for results.

¶ WHAT some fellows want is a berth — so that they can sleep at their job. But sooner or later they fall out and hit the earth hard.

¶ AT least try.

¶ TO get anywhere, strike out for somewhere, or you'll get nowhere.

¶ SOME employees are an asset at $10,000 a year; others are a liability at $1,000 a year. Which class are you heading for?

¶ LITTLE performance usually accompanies big talk.

¶ WHAT you take in is determined by what you put out.

¶ Initiative, industry, intrepidity will carry you far.

¶ Are you a go-getter, or a goat-getter?

¶ To "arrive" stick to the straight path.

¶ Stand still and you'll fall down.

¶ A goodly share of hurdles early in life help you to get on better later in life.

¶ You may mold your business, yes; but how you mold your business molds you.

¶ To make money, first make something of yourself.

¶ Those who stay there longest don't usually get there quickest.

¶ THERE is a better way than trying to get the better of others.

¶ OBSCURITY has advantages, it is consoling to reflect sometimes.

¶ THE "comer" sweats. The loser shirks.

¶ AN overloaded stomach is a weight on your brain.

¶ WHEN tempted to dodge a stiff incline by slipping into a side-track, there's only one thing to say: "Get thee behind me, Satan."

¶ THE man who can fill his rôle doesn't have to "act the part."

¶ IF girls would paint less and plan more they would get on better in life.

¶ Your conception of the world is chiefly your conception of yourself.

¶ Don't try to sell anything unless you are first sold on it yourself.

¶ You can serve God only by serving man.

¶ It's the man who has staying power who goes far.

¶ Business can be as ethical as religion.

¶ It isn't how far you have risen, but the methods you have employed that counts.

¶ Don't overdo "dignity." Be natural, be human, be unaffected.

¶ The man who dares does.

¶ "How do you find business?" "By going after it."

¶ If you don't enjoy a good poem you're not as rich as you might be.

¶ Remember that we form a part of "they."

¶ Isn't genius, after all, nothing but the quintessence of commonsense?

¶ When a fellow gets puffed up about what he has accomplished, it is a fairly sure sign that he will accomplish little more.

¶ Pride indicates weakness — and foolishness. The truly wise know they have little to be proud about. They know themselves.

¶ Two success mottoes: Do. Do without.

¶ Don't try to get through the day. Get through the work.

¶ You can either debase or sanctify your money.

¶ A big head and a big bank account don't keep company very long.

¶ Hope, of course — but hustle, also.

¶ We are all either soldiers on the job or soldiering on the job.

¶ Camouflage is helpful in war because you are dealing with enemies. Camouflage is not helpful but harmful in business because you are dealing with friends-in-the-making. If you cannot make friends of those you do business with, they won't do business with you very long.

¶ As part of his education, every country youth should read at least one large city daily newspaper.

¶ Listen to the advice of wise people; then do your own thinking and follow your own judgment.

¶ All wealth is founded on health. To squander money is foolish; to squander health is murder in the second degree.

¶ Our eyes are placed in front because it is more important to look ahead than look back. Cultivate foresight.

¶ It is poor policy to become so busy working as to be too busy to think.

¶ Every employee should regard himself as an assistant to the president.

¶ When a man is cocksure that he has "arrived," he soon begins the return journey.

¶ "Thrift" and "thrive" are very similar, you will note. Verb sap.

¶ The concern or individual that fails to build up goodwill goes bankrupt sooner or later. The chief ingredient in goodwill is courtesy.

¶ Ancestors are initiators. Descendants too often are imitators.

¶ Don't withhold your word of praise until your friend or your employee is dead.

¶ If you have become *sat*-isfied, it is a sign you have sat down.

¶ Faint heart ne'er won fame or fortune.

¶ ARE you a drone? Employers, like bees, oust drones sooner or later.

¶ IDEAS are born of knowledge. Before inspiration comes perspiration.

¶ YOU are not loyal to yourself if you are not loyal to your organization.

¶ To get on, learn to get on with other people.

¶ THE worker who cuts down his effort cuts down his character.

¶ IF you keep on treading the right track, you are likelv some day to get an unexpected "lift."

¶ BEES don't whine, they hum while working. And how they co-operate! Result, honey.

¶ ARE you a thoroughbred? It has been well said that the cart horse goes until he can't go another inch and then gives up; that the thoroughbred goes until he can't go another inch — and then goes the other inch.

¶ EXPECT disappointments, but scorn defeat.

¶ CARUSO painstakingly studied phonograph records of his songs to find how he could improve his work. Can you afford to be less painstaking in trying to improve your work?

¶ DREAM, yes. But, also, wake up!

¶ GENUINE courtesy springs from the heart, not from the lips.

¶ GENIUS is largely a matter of guts.

¶ Wrestle manfully with Fate, and lo! you will find Fate has been transformed into Fortune.

¶ Beware lest pride of possession becomes an obsession.

¶ The fellow who is always kicking up a dust ends by being kicked out.

¶ In business, base acts on facts.

¶ Trying to succeed without much reading and studying would be like trying to build a house without hammer and saw.

¶ Curious, but the more of others' burdens we bear the greater our strength to carry our own.

¶ Common sense is the foundation of achievement.

¶ THERE's more credit and satisfaction in being a first-rate truck-driver than a tenth-rate executive.

¶ BECOME a pusher, not a pawn.

¶ RUDENESS retards.

¶ How you use today determines how tomorrow will use you.

¶ THE best boss has to do little of it.

¶ YOUR habits are the raw material which finally forms your character.

¶ IT's better to be straight than smart.

¶ GREAT achievement must be preceded by great preparation.

¶ Every time we act we release a homing-bird which shall one day return. Are you sending forth bluebirds? Or birds of prey?

¶ Acting without thinking is like shooting without aiming.

¶ Heroes are duty-doers.

¶ Victory or defeat is not determined at the moment of crisis, but during the long, unspectacular period of preparation.

¶ Don't read to pass the time, but to pass knowledge into your head.

¶ Self-praise estops the praise of others.

¶ Many an express has come to grief trying to turn a sharp corner. If you want to get ahead successfully, steer clear of them.

¶ Your services will not command a premium if your word has to be discounted.

¶ The power of a steam engine doesn't lie in its whistle or the steam it blows off. Same with you.

¶ To discharge responsibilities, become loaded with knowledge of them.

¶ To avoid becoming a bore, bore.

¶ The power imprisoned in the atom is not greater than the power imprisoned in the human soul.

¶ The capital you must depend upon most is this capital: I.

THE SILVER LINING OR SUNSHINE ON THE BUSINESS TRAIL

BY

THOMAS DREIER

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Dedicated to

SNUG

WHO, MORE THAN ANYONE ELSE,

MAKES MY LIFE BOTH RICH AND COMFORTABLE

A Business Man's Prayer

O God, give me the wisdom which will enable me to do the square thing. Teach me to be gentle in the expression of the strength you have placed in my hands.

Make me always remember that truthfulness, sincerity, cleanliness and directness are the tools used by those who have become the Master Servants, and train me to use these efficiently in my daily work.

Clear my vision so that never will I lose sight of the ideal toward which I am working. Visit me with failures so that from them I may learn the lessons failures alone can teach, but, I pray, bless me with successes which will prove my efficiency in carrying out your commands.

From enemies and people who are not on the square I do not ask to be delivered, but I do ask that I be given a few friends to whom may be entrusted all that is in my mind and heart.

Let me master the art of using all my spiritual, mental and physical powers in the service of my neighbors — expressing all that is finest and richest in me fully and completely. Open to me channels which will enable me to pour myself into the work of the world.

Make me eager to stand before men and, fired with the desire to help others, say to them: "Here I am; take me and do with me what you will" — always daring to trust them to take only that from me which will truly help them.

I would ask, too, that I be inspired to send from my heart that greatest of all prayers: "Thy Will Be Done," thus proclaiming my faith in a Great Executive who is all-wise, all-loving, all-just, and who so manages the universe that all things work together as he would have them.

This, God, is a business man's prayer.

The Silver Lining or Sunshine on the Business Trail

We Get *What We* Are

I AM writing this at the close of a rainy holiday afternoon. Snug is singing at her work of preparing Welsh rarebit for our evening meal. Looking through the big window facing the lake I see the raindrops glistening on the pine needles. An occasional yelp is heard from the garage where Mashie and Niblick, our two collie pups, have their home. Possibly they, too, want something to eat. In the sun-room Peter, the canary, is playing with a tiny bell suspended from the top of his cage. Two barefoot boys are walking along the dirt road which borders the town land, splashing through the puddles. Puddles on a country road offer adventures enough for healthy boys. In the town the church bells are ringing. A bird is singing in the oak. There is much harmony in the place.

Sitting here in the midst of this peacefulness I have been thinking that Snug and I are very wealthy.

It is true, of course, that we have comparatively little money, but for all that we are millionaires — millionaires without millions. We have a comfortable home in a beautiful little town, all we need to eat and drink and wear, and a few friends who bear with us through the years and teach us so much about the magical wonders of neighborliness. So much for the material substance. Possibly you ask: "What more can anyone want who has food, clothing and shelter?"

Apparently people can want much more. Most of us have known millionaires who had no happiness and some of us have been privileged to know homeless wanderers who carried upon their faces the look of joy which only those wear who live in heaven. The more we learn about the people of the world the surer we are that the possession of material things does not always mean the possession of happiness. And is it not happiness that we all want?

When we read the writings of the wise men of the ages we learn that all men consciously or unconsciously seek happiness. Happiness is their final goal. They may work and slave to get fame and wealth. They may make great sacrifices for love. But always they want happiness — and so few, apparently, know where to find it.

You remember the old tale. The unhappy king had been told by the wise old man that happiness

would not be his until he put on the shirt of a perfectly happy man. Immediately couriers were sent abroad throughout the world to find a perfectly happy man and secure from him his shirt. Apparently such a man could not be found and the messengers returned to the court unsuccessful. Once more they were sent out and once more they returned unsuccessful. One day the unhappy king and some of his courtiers were walking near the palace grounds when they heard the joyous laughter of a man who was lying on his back in a clover field, kicking his heels in the air.

Instantly the king sent a member of the court to the man to ask him questions. "Why are you laughing so loudly?" asked the courtier.

"Because I am so happy," answered the man, giving his heels another kick skyward.

"Are you perfectly happy?"

"Why of course I am. Why shouldn't I be?"

"If you are perfectly happy," said the courtier, "I demand your shirt in the name of the king."

At that the man roared with again with laughter. "Yo! Ho!" he shouted, "I haven't any shirt."

I was talking not long ago with one of my neighbors who, having retired from business, is spending his declining years in doing what he can to beautify his town. His spirit is extraordinarily youthful. I asked him why he was so cheerful.

"Because," he answered, "I have so many blessings to enjoy."

"What blessings?" I asked, thinking that he might mention his most valuable possessions.

He chuckled as he replied: "One great blessing is our pure drinking water. I never drink a glass of water without thanking God for the great privilege I am permitted to enjoy. I shudder when I think of having to go without water to drink. Just being able to slake my thirst makes me a fortunate man."

"And what else?"

"Another joy comes to me on the evening of the day when my wife changes the sheets on our bed. When I slip in between those smooth, cool sheets I wiggle my toes for joy. I stretch out and exclaim, 'Can there be anywhere in the world greater luxury than this!'"

You see he has mastered the art of getting his happiness out of the simplest things of life.

Then there is a corporation lawyer whose yea and nay are accepted as final by his multimillionaire clients. His home life is a life of perfect harmony. To see him and his wife together is to see two lovers to whom life is a glorious adventure. He explains that his home success is due to a rule he made when he married at the age of thirty. Already he had achieved enviable success in his profession. He had been permitted to see into the home life of many

a wealthy client and he knew how much unhappiness was hidden beneath the smiles of his hosts.

"I promised myself that I would not neglect my wife and home for my business," he explained. "I had seen so many homes wrecked because husbands were too busy earning money to pay the attention to their wives that their wives had every right to expect. I promised myself that I would not make the same mistake. From the beginning of our married life I have considered my wife to be my most important client. Saturday afternoons, Sundays and holidays are sacred to her. It would be so easy for me to allow myself to drift into the habit of playing golf every week end with important men of affairs and excuse myself on the score of doing it for the sake of business. Instead, I work in our garden, entertain friends at home, or go off with my wife on some trip that she will enjoy. Other clients pay me money. My wife pays me in happiness. That is why I regard her as my preferred client."

Henry D. Thoreau knew happiness in his little $28 hut on the shores of Walden Pond, but Napoleon was miserable even in the days of his great Italian campaign when one victory followed upon another and he had no hint of failure. One of my happiest friends has a little shop in which he makes stained glass windows. I have seen him hold a bit of colored

glass to the sun with all the reverent joy of a priest elevating a chalice. A printer in Baltimore loves his work so much that one cannot enter his shop without having the feeling of being in a holy place. As I write I can see him standing with his hand behind his ear (he is deaf) waiting for my words of appreciation of a beautiful book printed on hand-made paper. The happiest home I know is that of a successful cotton man who enjoys a more than comfortable income but whose most cherished joys are his wife and two young daughters. The man I know best in England is a great manufacturer, the head of one hundred and fifty-eight corporations, whose presence is a constant inspiration. Although he is past seventy he has the heart of a boy, the energy of a man in his thirties, the imagination of a great poet, and a creative power that is almost godlike. Yet he will stop to tell fairy stories, go to the movies, help a friend to lay out a little garden, spend an afternoon with a poor artist in his studio, hold an audience with his wit and wisdom, and not once do anything to lead one to suspect that he is a man bearing heavy burdens. He gets his fun as he goes along by putting his whole being into everything he does.

The point I am making, as you must have seen for yourself, is that the possession or lack of possession of material wealth has nothing to do with hap-

piness. Some millionaires are happy. So are some paupers. Some paupers are unhappy. So are some millionaires. Many of us who are happy most of the time have our unhappy moments. Our material possessions may not have changed by so much as an atom, but there may be a great change in what we think.

Snug was telling me about a young woman she knew who had lost her husband soon after the birth of her first baby. The woman could not be consoled. She was ready to curse and die. As she saw herself, there was no more unfortunate person in the world. Although she had all the creature comforts and had youth and beauty, the world had turned into an evil thing because her husband had been taken from her.

One day her sister, who was doing settlement work, took her to a miserable attic where a woman lived whose husband had been killed in the railroad shops. This woman was supporting her five children and was doing it without uttering a complaint.

"It is the will o' God," was all she said, and went to work.

That visit to the attic cured the young woman of her trouble. She discovered that other women in the world had lost their husbands — women who had no comfortable homes, no money in the bank, no helpful relatives and friends.

"What I need," she said, "is some work to do that will take my mind off myself."

She had discovered the Great Secret.

To be happy, say the wise men, you must express yourself completely in service to your neighbors. You must give yourself. When you are expressing all your physical, mental and spiritual energy in doing useful work, you will know what it is to be in heaven.

Dr. Charles W. Eliot says that any right thinking person can know perfect happiness by making use of his five senses. Try it out for yourself today. Start in trying to see all the beautiful things in your neighborhood. Look for the good qualities in your associates. Let your eyes bring to you the message sent by children playing in the street, by birds soaring through the air, by falling snowflakes or blooming flowers. Step into a florist shop if you live in a great city and cannot get into the country and treat your nostrils to the sweet odors. Stop in your eating and enjoy the taste of your food. Touch the hand of someone you love. The world, you will find, is a magical place.

The place for you to start being happy is right where you are now. The time is now.

We all discover, if we observe at all carefully, that we attract to us what we are. Our thoughts make magnets of us and we draw to ourselves the things

that belong to our thoughts. If we are loving and helpful and friendly and desire to create joy, love and help and friendship and joy will come to us naturally. We get by giving. The woman who shares her cookies with a neighbor will receive in return fruits or vegetables from that neighbor's garden. The stenographer who helps out a fellow worker in an emergency will be helped when she becomes the victim of an emergency.

It is so easy to have millionaire joys without a million. To discover the truth of this requires no long preparation. The person who smiles receives smiles in return, and the person who frowns creates more frowns. The joy giver naturally becomes a joy receiver. It is the lover who finds most love in the world.

We *get* what we *are.*

When He Lost His Millions

SEVERAL years ago the $2,000,000 fortune of a Boston business man was swept away. Not only did he lose his money but he found that many men who had been his friends seemed to have little time for him. He had fought and won — and lost. His old associates intimated that he belonged with the down-and-outers and could not possibly come back.

Today he has his $2,000,000 back — and much more. What saved him? A poem. You may find it hard to believe, if you have not lived through trouble, but that is the exact truth. It was not a banker, a business adviser, an engineer, or any other so-called practical man who saved this Bostonian from becoming a total wreck. A poet worked the magic.

"One morning," says this man, "when I was wondering whether it would not be best for me to jump into the Charles River and end it all, I happened to stop for a moment before the show window of a little shop where pictures and printed cards were displayed. I saw inside a copy of Kipling's *IF*. That poem saved me. I carried it in my pocket and read it over and over. Strength seemed to flow into me. My head went up, my backbone stiffened, and I made up my mind that I would fight my way up-

ward again. What I have today I owe to those few verses there on the wall," he concluded, pointing to the handlettered poem hanging above his big desk.

An ounce of inspiration may be worth more than a pound of information even to those men who have the reputation of being "hard boiled."

Some of our reformer friends should remember what happened in Pennsylvania where someone got the notion that hawks were just so many flying evils. The state spent $56,000 and thousands of hawks were killed. Then to the consternation of farmers and gardeners, the field mice multiplied so fast and destroyed so much corn and other produce that the people began asking, "How can we get our hawks back again?" In this merry mixed up old world it is pretty hard to tell what is evil and what is good.

It is a waste of time to argue with one of those writers who is a self-appointed special pleader for all employees and who is convinced that all employers are steel-hearted brutes without human sympathy. To cure him all one needs to do is to give the poor ignoramus an executive position.

Human Chemicals

One of the most interesting problems for a man to consider is that of what constitutes a good executive. I find upon analysis that the success or failure of any institution is a matter which is dependent wholly upon the man or men with executive power. To make my point clear, let us take, for example, an institution that is controlled by one individual. If that institution succeeds greatly the man responsible will be the executive. If it fails miserably the one responsible will be the executive.

It flashed into my mind the other night that an executive is like a chemist. He has a laboratory stocked with the seventy-eight elementary chemicals. With that stock he can make absolutely every substance needed in his daily life if he possesses the necessary knowledge properly to combine the elements. He can make food, drinks, ores, precious stones, etc. He can make of his laboratory a service center of great power. If he possesses the knowledge needed *properly* to unite these elements he can become, with his laboratory, a master servant. And as a master servant there will come to him, as the night follows the day, riches and honor and all the other good things of life.

But I used the expression, " Properly unite."

The chemist can, by uniting certain chemicals,

produce an explosion that will blow him and his laboratory into 'steen million pieces and make the matter of holding an inquest most unnecessary and impossible.

Now who is to blame?

Is the blame to be shouldered off onto the chemical elements?

Whose fault was it that the explosion occurred?

Why, it was the fault of the chemist, the executive of the laboratory. The chemical elements were good. All things are good when in their pure state or when properly united. Left in their boxes or bottles the chemicals which caused the explosion were good. United with other chemicals, they might have been made to serve a most useful and beautiful purpose. But when combined with other elements by nature antagonistic, they were even less harmonious than two gentlemen cats tossed over the clothesline and suspended by their tails.

The seventy-eight chemical elements are good. They are made to serve certain purposes. Their natures are such that alone they can serve but one purpose, but when united with other elements the purpose they serve depends wholly upon the kind and number of the elements united.

Water is a combination of two elementary substances: hydrogen and oxygen. But there are two

parts of hydrogen required to unite with one part of oxygen before water is produced.

So with other chemicals. What happens when the mating takes place depends upon the wisdom of the chemist. The result of uniting two parts of hydrogen and one part of oxygen will always be water, just as two times two will always equal four. It is exact. Two parts of hydrogen and one part of oxygen can never be made to produce sugar or diamonds.

And it seems to me that the great executive is a great chemist. Let us suppose that in his institution there are seventy-eight individuals. Each of these is different. Unlike the elementary chemicals, however, these individuals, since they belong to the same general family, have many resemblances.

But they are not alike. They have different temperaments. They have had different training. Each has received different sensations, and, since all are children of their environment, each sees and hears and feels and smells and tastes in a different way.

Under these conditions it is quite a problem to get these seventy-eight different individuals to work together in harmony.

But that is a problem which the executive must solve successfully if he would build up a business

institution that will stand out as a Conspicuous Success.

That is as certain as any human thing can be certain. I am as sure of that as I am sure that I am.

The problem is simplified by the certainty that among these seventy-eight there are many who are affinities — that is, they are folks who will work together harmoniously. They do not explode when united. They come together and when united perform a service as useful as the union of two parts of hydrogen with one part of oxygen — speaking this way for illustrative purposes and not attempting to draw hair-line distinctions.

You can see, therefore, that the executive must be a reader of human nature. He must make it his business to study his helpers just as the chemist studies his helpers, the chemicals. That means that he must be a cold, dispassionate, unprejudiced scientist when he studies his helpers. He must view them as so many chemical elements. And you needn't become shocked at this apparently coldblooded statement. The wise chemist knows that he must use judgment in dealing with his chemicals. He cannot be prejudiced in favor of any one for general purposes. For instance, there are many poisons that are exquisitely beautiful. Other poisons that are so tempting that one can scarcely resist eating them.

The executive who is wise will not work con-

trary to nature. His prejudiced judgment — oftentimes mistakenly called love for certain individuals or human chemicals — often prompts him improperly to unite two individuals that are naturally antagonistic. When an explosion occurs, who is to blame? Is it fair to the chemicals to treat them that way merely because the chemist has the power?

The great executive is able to project before him a picture of his institution and the positions in which human beings are required to make that institution a service-rendering machine. Not only that, but he is able to determine what kind of an individual each position requires.

Then he goes into the laboratory of the world and selects his helpers. He selects them solely on their merits as human-chemicals to produce certain results in certain definite positions. He doesn't, for instance, select negro workers because his office or factory is painted white and his artistic sense demands contrast. He doesn't choose any individual solely because he likes him personally and without regard to his fitness for the position he is hired to fill.

He recognizes that it is impossible to go out and secure seventy-eight individuals who will render efficient service in their several positions and who will at the same time love one another personally.

Of course it is a glorious thing when an executive can secure a large number of workers who love one

another and delight to be together. But it never happens. It never will happen.

The thing to do is to recognize the truth. And when this truth is recognized the executive will make it his business to see that those who are antagonistic are kept apart. He makes a special effort to keep those human-chemicals from meeting who are likely to cause an explosion. He most certainly does not spend any time in trying to make them mix without also making ill results. When an executive does consciously produce such a mixture he has no license to damn the chemicals if he finds his eyebrows and hair singed off.

Of course, it often happens that individuals who are not affinities may be brought together without ill-results. Oil and water may be poured into the same bottle and no trouble will result.

But you can't make them mix.

They draw apart. Shake oil and water together as much as you please and they will apparently be wedded until death does them part when you set the bottle down. But what happens after the bottle has remained unshaken for a few moments? The oil is on top. It is separated from the water. Yet the two seem to exist harmoniously.

But did you ever try to fill a bottle with gunpowder and attempt to mix fire with it?

It is said that all literature is a confession. I am

not so sure that this is literature, but I do know that it is a confession. Being so constituted chemically that I either hate or love intensely, I found myself hating certain individuals with a hate that most certainly was consistent and persevering. Like a fool anxious to do the right thing, but being wholly ignorant as to what was the right thing to do, I tried to compel myself to like certain individuals. I associated with them with or without provocation. The result was that there was a continuous vaudeville performance of chemical explosions.

We couldn't mix. We were elementally opposed. It was contrary to our individual natures.

To make matters better I tried the wise experiment of staying away from those with whom I couldn't mix without trouble. Then many well meaning, but ignorant, friends tried to "bring us together." I agreed to that because I didn't know any better. Undoubtedly the others who hated me as cordially as I hated them also agreed to the same thing.

But periodic explosions continued to occur.

Then I said to myself, "There are certain individuals who make me most unhappy and miserable when I am with them or near them. Those folks I shall avoid in the future. I shall stay away. I don't want to have anything to do with them. Raus mit 'em!"

Then, still being a fool, I continued in the silence to hate them up to the *Nth* power.

But having been blessed with machinery which gives me the ability to render correct judgments in the majority of cases, and being afflicted with the nature of a newspaper man who will persist in asking the question, " Why? " I began to find out what caused all the trouble. Like a good muckraker I went around asking questions of all who appeared to me to be able to tell me what I wanted to know. I received an interesting array of advice — most of it of little use. Only a limited few were personally interested enough to give frank opinions. To those I am deeply in debt.

The above was the result of my investigations. I hate no one now.

There are several whom I avoid as I would a contagious disease. But I do that for their comfort just as much as for my own. I have at last arrived at a point where I can see that they are individuals just as I am an individual. And I know that if I had their temperaments and had received the same sensations I would do just what they are doing in the way they are doing it.

They are doing what their natures command them to do.

I am doing what my nature commands me to do.

Both of us are right, just as the fire and the gun-

powder are individually all right. It is only once in a great while when united they serve a useful purpose. That is when an explosion is needed for some special purpose. Perhaps there are times when I should be mixed with certain individuals. But no one will mix us who does not want an explosion.

I say that I know what I am talking about when I liken individuals to chemicals. I know that there are some folks for whom I would make every sacrifice. I would give them anything and everything in my power to give them. Others there are whose wealth will never be increased by soliciting from me.

And all this is as natural as that two and two make four and not seven.

One who realizes the truth of all this has a big work to perform. I am speaking of one who would become a great executive, capable of drawing to him and holding together in harmony the men and women needed to build a great institution.

His work is to train his senses. He must develop himself physically. When he develops himself physically he will see right, hear right, smell right, feel right and taste right. When he does these five things correctly he will sensate correctly. We know that it is upon the quality of the sensations we receive that the quality of our judgment depends. Therefore it behooves us to practice the philosophy of man-building.

We must learn how to develop that power which will enable us to act towards our helpers as a great chemist acts towards his chemicals. We must be dispassionate, unprejudiced, wisely selfish. For our own good and the welfare of our institution we must combine only those elements that may, without ill effects, be combined.

It may be suggested to you that the thing to do with a chemical that causes explosions is to toss it out of the window. That can be done. But in justice to the chemical you toss out, you must toss out all other chemicals that are antagonistic. And when you have done that, what have you left? Where are your power-producing chemicals, your chemicals that "make things happen?" Your laboratory would be fitted up with the weak elements that aren't positive enough in their power to be antagonistic to anything.

You can't afford to toss out any chemicals that are useful. They are all right when properly united or when left alone. Your business is to see that they are not compelled to mix with antagonistic elements.

No human chemical, with even a modicum of wisdom, will wander around seeking chances to mix up in an explosion. Explosions, as I have discovered, destroy the individualities of the chemicals that cause them.

But, you say, here is a human chemical that is worth a great deal, but the executive, on account of his chemical formation, cannot deal with him without an explosion of some kind. What can be done?

That is easy. There are chemicals that chemists cannot bear to be near. They sicken them, or have some other ill effect. In their elemental condition these chemicals are so powerful that certain chemists cannot deal with them.

What do they do? Why, they have assistants who are not so affected. They combine these chemicals with others and bring the combination to the head chemist who then handles it without ill effects.

This solution of the problem is one that makes one tolerant. One finds oneself more charitable, more forgiving, more sensible and infinitely stronger and masterful. This mental attitude gives one a sense of power — a sense of power that always comes with wisdom in every department of human existence.

A Piece of Cherry Pie

One day a friend and I were talking about the damnable habit some business men have of driving themselves all their working days without getting any enjoyment out of what they do.

"I remember one time when I was 'Beauty Editor' of one of New York's newspapers," began my friend, apropos of nothing at all apparently. "They called me 'Beauty Editor' in derision. My job was to make the paper look better typographically.

"The managing editor didn't like me very well, because I had been put in by the owner. He thought I was interfering with his job. The result was he made life miserable for me. That was one job in which I found no joy.

"One day seemed to be darker than usual and I could see no signs of sunshine anywhere. Everything seemed to go wrong and the whole world seemed to be out of joint.

"It is funny how little things will seem to be big things on dark days like that. Into my mind popped the idea that if I could get a piece of cherry pie for dessert at a certain restaurant where I had enjoyed this pie very much in the past, life would not be one-half so dreary.

"Thinking about my troubles I went to this restaurant; asked if they had cherry pie for desert;

found that they had it; ordered my meat dish; ate it and had a piece of this juicy, luscious pie placed before me.

"A short time afterward, glancing down at my plate, I saw that my pie had disappeared. There were marks on the plate to show that a piece of pie had been there and my fork was cherry colored. Evidently I had eaten it.

"Grown man that I was, I could have wept. Here I had been looking forward all morning to eating this piece of pie and I had concentrated on my troubles so much that I had eaten my dessert without knowing it. The thing that was to brighten my day had disappeared.

"Then I went out in the park and sat on a bench like a bum and hated myself."

Then he went on to say that many business men go through life with their minds concentrated on their business worries and troubles just as he went through his lunch hour. The things that would give them joy are passed by because their minds are not in tune to get the joy out of their work.

These men think that just because they carry a heavy load of responsibility they are immune from any of the ordinary little courtesies of life. They grunt in answer to their wives' questions, snarl at the servants, frown at their own children, snap at their subordinates in their offices instead of treating

them like human beings, and in countless other ways make damnable nuisances of themselves.

They are not happy themselves and, therefore, they are not in a position to make others happy.

When they go away on a trip, their subordinates breathe a fervent "Thank God," and when they return these same people say to one another, "Well, now hell will break loose again."

These people get no pleasure out of the cherry pie in their life.

They act as if their whole life was one tough steak which they are forced to eat with toothless gums.

All this, mind you, in a world where there is great joy and love and neighborliness and good cheer.

Why not enjoy your cherry pie of life?

Men Who Are Rich

One time I accused Lord Leverhulme of the crime of being a rich man. He came back with, "What do you mean by rich?"

"You are rich," I answered.

"How do you know I am rich?"

He thought he had me. He knew what was in my mind when I called him rich. He guessed accurately, too. But I changed my thinking before I answered.

"I know you are rich because I have read about the work you have done and I have many friends in England who know you personally and they have all told me the same story about you. You make and hold friends. People like you instinctively. You are a builder and experience the joys of creation all the time. And you have all the money you need to keep the wolf from the door."

"Oh," he answered, "if you talk that way I'll have to admit that I am rich."

Then he went on to say that the boys and girls with whom he went to school sixty years ago are still personal friends of his. He likes them and they seem to like him.

He made clear that men are rich not because they have money in the bank, but because they have rich thoughts and feelings. The man who is express-

ing himself usefully and finds joy in that expression is a rich man.

Lord Leverhulme is far more youthful in spirit at seventy-one than many men are at thirty-one. He has kept young by thinking like a youth whose brain is flooded with dreams. He likes to play. He likes to tell stories and joke. He makes those with him keep on the alert, yet one is not conscious of being under the least strain. I know I was lonesome after he went away — actually lonesome in an intimate, personal way.

"Lord Leverhulme is a very rich man," said I.

One reason why my life has always been rich is because I have never permitted myself to think poor thoughts. The world contains everything that I need, so why should I worry? The man who never entertains poor thoughts is a rich man.

Here, in five words, is a great truth of life: "Joy impregnates; sorrows bring forth." To the gods I give thanks for every sorrow they have so generously sent to me. I am grateful for the griefs as I am for the joys.

Why He Showed No Fear

As SECRETARY to a big New York corporation official a young man meets many powerful multi-millionaires. One day his employer said to him, "I notice that you meet the big fellows just as calmly as you do your own personal friends. You seem to have no fear of them. Aren't you awed by such giants at all? The other people here in the place show by their actions that they recognize the kingship of those men. Why don't you?"

The young secretary laughed. "I suppose credit for what seems to be my fearlessness must go to a story about Napoleon I read a long time ago. When after thirteen months of fighting in Italy the Corsican took up his headquarters at the castle of Montebello, near Milan, he assumed the airs of a monarch. He lived like a king. A rigid etiquette prevailed. His officers were no longer received at his table. He even arranged things so that the inhabitants of the country might gaze upon him from a respectable distance when he dined. His frown made men tremble. He fairly radiated power. Everything about him suggested the conquerer. *Yet all this time he did not have power enough, nor influence enough, nor courage enough to drive a little yapping dog that he hated out of*

his wife's room because the dog was her favorite. Napoleon was afraid of his wife at that time.

"Whenever I am tempted to tremble in the presence of a big man here in New York I ask myself, 'What is the name of the little dog that has more influence than this man either at home or elsewhere?' In other words, I assume that he is afraid of something somewhere and his fear and my fear make us fraternity brothers. He may not be bossed by his wife, but he may be bossed by his daughter or the professional at the golf club. I figure that he's human, too."

WHEN after a strenuous day you are too tired to water the lawn and you look up at the sky and say, "I guess it's going to rain tonight anyway," and the next morning before you get out of bed you hear the rain pounding down on the roof — say, boy (in the words of Briggs), isn't it a grand and glorious feeling?

WHEN I see a man wearing a black band on his arm I can't help wishing that there were more people who believed with the Japanese, that no man has a right to make others unhappy by advertising his own sorrow.

The Devil of Fear

General Grant, who is not unknown in this country as a winner of victories, once confessed that he often knew fear before going into battle. "I was often afraid," he said, "But I figured that the opposing General was also afraid. I figured on his fear of me and on his ignorance of my fear of him, and went in and crushed him before he found me out." Napoleon was another man who was addicted to the victory-winning habit. He seemed absolutely without fear. No enemy ever saw him tremble. He was always master. He took his position as a leader by the divine right of fearlessness and ability. Nelson, when a little boy, was once found by a relative a long distance from home. "I should think fear would have kept you from going so far," the relative said. "Fear?" said the future admiral, "I don't know him."

The disease of fear is the greatest and most dangerous of any we know. It is worse than smallpox, yellow fever, tuberculosis, and many others combined. It is a disease so insidious that its victims cannot be counted. No one can ever know the millions of men and women whose success has been killed by fear. No one can tell how many persons have died of diseases that owed their start to the emotion of fear. The story is told of a physician

who discovered a woman ill with fever in a southern hotel. Instead of spreading the fear-thought, he called the guests together and told them to help nurse the patient as though she had no worse disease than a bad cold. All but one woman followed the doctor's advice. This one quarantined herself in her room and because of her fear was the only one who caught the disease.

Fear has killed more successes than all the armies of the world have killed men. Sales managers everywhere can relate countless stories of salesmen who fell down solely because they feared. When they went out on the road they did not go out with confidence shining forth from their eyes. Their actions, their words, their inner thoughts proclaimed them to be filled with fear. Of course, it is only the confident salesmen who secure the orders, and these men with fear-filled bodies and minds could not persuade customers to purchase their goods at a profit. The fearful salesman does not enter the office of a prospect with a buoyant step, confident manner, energetic action, and eyes that look straight out and proclaim to all who look into them that they are controlled by a mind that is self-reliant and purposeful.

The real salesman has faith in himself, faith in his customer, faith in his goods, and faith in his house. He knows that he has the power to properly

present his goods so as to secure the favorable attention of the prospective customer. He is determined to sell his goods provided he discovers that the customer has need of what he offers. So long as he is convinced of the value of his goods to his customer, of his own power to properly present the merits of his proposition, and of the ability of the house to deliver what he promises, he should look every man square in the face.

Before starting out in the morning, if there are in a man any of the fear microbes, let him sell himself. Let him tell himself before a mirror why he should purchase his own goods. If he cannot convince himself that his goods are desirable, he has no business posing as a salesman. But if a man can convince himself that his proposition is right and earnestly feels that those whom he approaches need it, he should drive straight for his goal and sweep all opposition aside. No man should be fearful whose desire it is to serve. And no salesman has a right to represent a proposition which hasn't for its object the serving of those to whom it is offered.

There is no greater demolisher of fear than asking and answering the question, Why? If you have never injured that person and have no intention of injuring him, what reason have you for being fearful? If you are a salesman and desire to sell an automobile, a case of watches, an insur-

ance policy, a suit of clothes — it matters not what — why should you fear the man to whom you desire to make a sale, if your proposition, as you see it, will serve him? Supposing he is an important man in his community. Supposing he is wealthy. Supposing he is a man of power. What difference does that make? The more important, wealthy and powerful he is, the better. Any dub can take an order from a weakling, but it calls for a real salesman to sell something to a real man. It isn't the power of the prospective customer that kills the sale. It is the fear of the salesman that performs the trick.

Asking the question, Why? calls for analysis. It calls for reasons why. Why should Mr. Smith purchase this watch, automobile, book, or insurance policy instead of some other? Because — and there you have it. If Mr. Smith should purchase any watch, automobile, book, insurance policy, and you are convinced that yours is the best for him to purchase, you are performing Mr. Smith a real service when you call his attention to your offering. And if you are really serving Mr. Smith why should you fear him? Salesmen who concentrate their thoughts on the profit they will make on the sale, instead of the service their proposition will render, are the ones most addicted to the fear habit.

Retail clerks also suffer from fear. Instead of

thinking of themselves as salesmen and saleswomen with the space back of their counters as their territory, too many of them are apt to belittle their position. Retail stores exist because they serve the people. Retail stores are not strong and successful because of the size of the building or the quality of goods alone, but because of the strength and efficiency of the salespeople. Without salespeople the store would fail. Being so important, why should salespeople fear their customers and their employers so long as they render efficient service.

The real sales person in a store knows thoroughly the goods in his or her department. He or she should know more about those goods than any customer, no matter how wealthy, high in social position, haughty in manner, or important that customer may be. Only the ignorant fear. The truly efficient servants never fear.

Many a man has been forced to retain a lower position because his fear prevented him telling those who could have helped him of his real value. Fear prevented him from selling his services where he could obtain the best profit. Talking to his fellow employes, his voice fairly thrilled with enthusiasm and confidence as he told of some plan which would benefit the institution that employed him. But when brought before the officers or directors — the persons who could put this plan into operation —

his tongue stuck to the roof of his mouth, his breath came in gasps, his lips were dry, and he stood before them like some dumb animal. Filled with fear, he stood before the officers as one diseased. He was not a healthy, strong-minded, self-reliant, forceful, keen, alert business builder.

Scores of men and women are in institutions as employes who by the divine right of wealth of brain should be employers and heads of institutions of their own. Equipped with bright minds, strong bodies, constructive imaginations, executive ability, and other good things, they still hang back, because they fear to branch out for themselves. They fear failure. They prefer the small certainty for the great uncertainty. They will not risk anything. Their fear makes them conservative. And a conservative is a man who is standing in boiling water and refuses to jump for fear he will get into water that is hotter. If Marshall Field had feared, he would never have built up his great business in the west. Read the biographies of men who have wrung success from an unwilling world. They were men who were unafraid.

The greatest enemy of Fear is auto-suggestion. A suggestion is anything that arouses thought. An auto-suggestion is a suggestion that you give yourself. Thus, "I am courageous," is a positive suggestion. If you persist in telling yourself that you

are courageous, that you dare face any man and look him squarely in the eye, that you cannot lose your poise, your self-control, your confidence, you cannot fail to become courageous and kill the fear-thought. That which we fear usually does not exist. Tell yourself this. Most of our worries — which are children of fear — are over things that never happen.

We control our constructive power, our imagination, and we can make what we desire. When our mind is peopled with fear and worries, we ourselves are to blame. We can suggest courage to ourselves and we will acquire courage. If we are fearful, why not let us try auto-suggestion? Why not analyze that which causes us to fear, and follow the analysis by talking ourselves into being courageous? Instead of waiting for someone else to say to us, "There is nothing to fear," let us say that to ourselves. Let us repeat it until we win. Our fear-habit was not formed in an instant, and we cannot hope to kill it off and form the habit of being courageous with one suggestion.

Orison Swett Marden tells of a California Scotchman, McGregor, who was argumentative and fearless. Early one morning as he was returning home, a pistol was poked in his face, and he heard: "Throw up your hands!"

"Why?" asked McGregor calmly.

"Throw them up!"

"But what for?"

"Put up your hands!" insisted the footpad, shaking his pistol. "Will you do what I tell you?"

"That depends," said McGregor. "If you can show me any reason why I should put up me hands, I'll no say but what I wull; but your mere requaist wud be no justification for me to do so absurd a thing. Noo, why should you, a complete stranger, ask me at this oor a' the mornin' on a public street to pit up me hands?"

"If you don't quit gassin' and obey orders, I'll blow the top of your head off!" cried Mr. Robber.

"What? Faith, man, you must be oot a' yer head. Come, noo, puir buddy," said McGregor soothingly, coolly catching the pistol and wresting it with a quick twist out of the man's hand.

"Come, noo, an' I'll show ye where they'll take care of ye. Hech! Dinna ye try to fecht, or I'll shoot ye! By the way, ye might as weel put oop yer ain hands, an' just walk ahead a' me. That's it! Trudge awa', noo."

"It wudna be a bad idea to put him in a straight-jacket," McGregor said serenely to the officer at the jail. "There's little doot but the buddy's daft."

There was a man wholly without fear. He was different from the ordinary run of man, and the robber didn't know what to do with him. Robbers

count on fear to help them. That's why one lone man can hold up a train.

Let a salesman eliminate fear from his equipment, and his business will increase in a way that will make his sales-manager smile like Charles Schwab. Let him fill himself with faith in himself, in his goods, in his customers and his house, and he will go out jauntily and make two orders from where but one grew before. The clerks behind the counter, with fear eliminated, will consider themselves real business builders and social servants, and will greet all customers with a confident smile that will persuade them to buy goods. The employe who is ambitious to rise, after he has killed fear, can approach his superiors and lay before them in a confident self-reliant manner his plan whereby he can render the institution greater service and secure for himself greater regards. With more courage, hundreds who are now forced through fear to depend upon the salary envelope, will go out and start businesses for themselves and fight their way through to success.

Let us remember that Fear is a disease, and that no successful man can be afflicted with it. Remember also that no matter how malignant it may be, it can always be cured. To kill fear we need no chemicals, no specialists in diseases. All we need is the ability to analyze ourselves and that which makes us fear and the perserverance needed to kill

off the fear-thought by the great power of auto-suggestion. Let us tell ourselves that we are courageous, that we are really trying to help folks, that we are constantly growing in strength and power, that folks really are glad to welcome us because of what we can do for them, that no one wants to harm us, that all things are good, that most of our troubles are imaginary, that in all the world there really is nothing of such value that we can afford to worry over it, that worry never constructs, that courage is constructive, that it is only the constructive that wins success — and with that kind of talk to ourselves we'll banish fear and become McGregors raised to the nth power.

Anticipation Plus Realization

THE realist kind of vacation is the one that is enjoyed in anticipation. There can be folks who, being pessimistic, due to mosquito prodding, advance the argument that the anticipatory vacation is the only real vacation there is. Such folks know nothing of the lure of the open road. Into their ears never thunder the commands of the Red Gods.

We who have sent a canoe racing down the rapids of a northern river, who have paddled the treacherous dugout, who have loafed with river-men in bateaus, who have offered the incense of wood smoke to the pines and the god of the open air, who have whipped the streams for trout, or starred in "Patience" on the bank of some mighty river, perched on the end of a log, wishful for finny friends that one may fry for breakfast that lures us toward day through the night — we know the joys of realization. We know the mellow music of the rain that seems to caress — as music sometimes caresses — the canvas above our heads. And we know, too, the serenity that comes to one under the upturned canoe that saves one from the sudden shower.

We are the only ones who know the true joys of anticipation, because we have known the joys of past realization. And so we are looking ahead —

looking ahead into the very heart of summer. And we shall be tired — "so tired we can't lay flat enough and sort o' wish that we could spread out like molasses on the bed and jest drap off the edges." Summer? We are drenched with it in anticipation already. And after the realization will come the memories.

Memories are never accouched from the womb of anticipation.

Mate Anticipation and Realization. You have it.

If one goes about thinking that the world is filled with crooks and schemers, the world is filled with crooks and schemers. On the other hand, if one believes that the world is filled with fine, neighborly, helpful, kindly folks, one finds people of that class in the great majority.

Power to the Faint

AT LUNCHEON one day a friend asked, "What do you consider your job on this earth to be?"

Now that is a somewhat startling question to shoot at a man without warning. It would have bothered me, too, if a few days before I had not received one of those little folders which used to be sent out by a church in New York. Of course I could have answered it in my own language, more or less haltingly. But it was so much more effective when answered in the language of Isaiah.

"Some time," I said, "I want it said of me what Isaiah wrote."

"What was that?" asked my friend.

"He giveth power to the faint"—I quoted; "and to them that have no might he increaseth strength. Even the youths shall faint and be weary, and young men shall utterly fall; but they that wait upon the Lord shall renew their strength; they shall mount up with wings as eagles; they shall run and not be weary; and they shall walk and not faint."

"It's a big job," he said.

"It is," I agreed.

"It's a good job, too." My friend was evidently impressed.

"It is a glorious one," said I, "and I love it."

He laughed. "Say," he exclaimed, "isn't life a great old game?"

We then rose and went back to work.

When we reach the end of our lives may we be able to say something as cheerful and friendly and optimistic as one of the last recorded utterances of Thomas Hood: "It's a beautiful world and since I have been lying here I have thought of it more and more; it is not so bad, even humanly speaking, as people would make it out. I have had some very happy days while I lived in it and I could have wished to stay a little longer."

Why I Like to "Play Dead"

THERE is a business man in our town who has many foolish notions. That is, folks say his notions are foolish. In his favor it must be said he is successful financially, socially, and has more friends than he knows what to do with. So his foolish notions may not be so foolish after all.

He likes to kill himself.

That does sound asinine, doesn't it? But listen.

"When I was a youngster in business," said this business man, "I used to take myself and my affairs too seriously. When I wanted anything done right, I used to tell myself, I had to do it myself. One day I was telling a friend what a hard time I had getting work out of the way.

"'The worst of it is,' I said, 'the bigger the business grows the less time I have to myself. Lord, I certainly envy you fellows who have succeeded and have no more worries.'

"How that man laughed at me. I felt hurt. The problem was too serious for me to laugh at it — so I thought.

"'All you need to do,' went on my friend, when he had controlled his laughter, 'is to die once or twice a year — or oftener, if you can possibly do it.'

"'Are you losing your mind?' I asked, wondering whether I should show anger or sympathy.

"'Never was more serious in my life. Ever hear of Alexander the Great?'

"'Of course.'

"'And of Julius Caesar and Napoleon ——'

"'What are you talking about?'

"'And of E. H. Harriman and J. P. Morgan and a lot of other big fellows? You are sure you heard of all of them?'

"I didn't like what seemed to me to be foolishness. But I followed him far enough to answer, 'Yes; I've heard of them.'

"'Pretty important fellows, weren't they? Held important positions in the world, didn't they? Thought they were some pumpkins and all that, eh? Took themselves mighty seriously and snapped and snarled quite a bit every so often, thus showing they had lost their sense of humor. Get the idea?'

"'I'll be blessed if I do,' I answered sharply.

"'Know what happened to these fellows in the end?'

"'They died.'

"I thought that would end the foolish talk. It didn't.

"'Exactly!' beamed my friend, acting like a fond parent whose favorite child has answered a hard question correctly.

"'They died,' he continued — 'died real dead

— and right then and there the world stopped. The work they were doing when they were alive was too important for other men to carry on, so all their machinery collapsed like a sort of international One-horse Shay. Their employees starved and the buildings they occupied became the abode of rats and mice ——'

"'It is becoming clearer,' I broke in.

"'Of course it is. You get the idea. Those important fellows were not of such importance after all. The world went on. Their big problems — the ones that kept them awake nights and made them snap and snarl and bark and bite and eat out their own hearts — were as if they had never existed. Their businesses went on — some of them went on better than they did when their big bosses were alive.

"'Which brings me right down to you and to the suggestion I made which caused you to look upon me as a demented person. I advised you to die — not once, but many times. I don't know the language of the preachers, but it seems to me that there is something about getting life more abundantly. And isn't there an old query to this effect: If I die, shall I live again?

"'It is because I have found by experience that I gain life more abundantly by indulging in an imaginary death every so often that I offer the

suggestion to you. And you can find out for yourself that you can live again right here and now. Just pretend to yourself that you have died suddenly. Now ask yourself, what will happen to my business? If your business isn't prepared for your death it isn't managed properly ——'

"I interrupted him. 'When my business is older ——'

"But he would not let me get away with it. 'Your job is to live one day at a time. Get the spirit of that eat-drink-and-be-merry philosophy right now. In the midst of life we are in death — and vice versa. You can't afford to wait until next year or the year after to live correctly. Now is the accepted time. Today, as wise old Emerson said, is the best day in the year. Your job is to die right now.

"'Here,' he said, poking me with his finger, 'I've stabbed you and you have dropped down. In a moment or so you'll be as dead as any dead person. You can't do a thing about your business. What will happen? Mind, now, you are dead. Being dead, tell me what is likely to happen.'

"All this may seem foolish to you, but I assure you it meant more to me than any lesson I ever learned before or since. I entered into the spirit of my friend's game and pretended I was dead. Looking at my business from the other world I

could see that Fred Bartlet, an assistant of mine, was just the one my widow would turn to for help. He had been with me for four years, was steady, reliable, had imagination, but always let me boss things. He never fought me or took special authority upon himself. I could see that the reason he didn't do it was not because he didn't want it, but because he would have had to work too hard to take it away from me.

"In imagination I could see him calling in the department heads and giving them authority to handle the details of their respective jobs — details that I had always kept my fingers on. Bartlet would work like a nailer because he would want to make a success of the business with which he had been connected for four years, and the other fellows would follow his example for good reasons of their own. They would not only hold the business together, but would do their best to make it grow so that it would pay them all more money.

"I tell you I did some quick thinking. I will not give you a detailed picture of what I saw. What you would see in your own business would differ from mine. The important thing is I saw that the business would go ahead. Not, perhaps, exactly in the way I would carry it forward if I attended to all the details personally. But it would go ahead strongly because it would be more than a one man's

business. I saw that my big job was to lay out the policies and construct the framework for the other fellows to finish.

"Up to that point I had always thought of the business as mine. I had thought it into existence. It was my dream materialized. I was the boss. Most men have had these thoughts at one time or another. But when I was killed by my friend and was forced to leave the business behind, as all dead men must do, I saw that while I owned the business in the eyes of the bankers, the business was greater than I. I saw that the business belonged to the world in general, but more particularly to those who were associated with me.

"Right there I said, 'Having been killed right now, I must trust the business to chance. But, oh, if I could only come back to life, what a different kind of boss I'd be!'

"And then I came back to life. That death of mine had served its purpose. It made me see things more clearly.

The very next day I called in Bartlet and three or four of the other men and told them that business of a private nature was calling me away from the plant in a week or so and I wanted them to give me what time they could getting a plan perfected which would enable them to handle all the details of the business during my absence.

" 'Just pretend that I have died and it is up to you fellows to run this place,' I said. 'Figure out what ought to be done to perfect the machinery so that it will run along without a jar and accomplish the results we all want.'

" Bartlet was made general manager and I told him to work out the plan with the other men and have it ready for me Friday afternoon at two o'clock. The time was then Tuesday. I had already awakened to the wisdom of setting definite time for the job.

" 'I'll be away until Friday,' I said, 'so you'll have to look after things as they come up until I come back. Don't let problems accumulate. We may as well start in right now, Bartlet, with this plan. You are general manager and I'll leave the details to you.'

" I went away to my home and spent two miserable days. Lord, how I wanted to go down to the office! More than once I was on the point of telephoning. But the eyes of my wife, who had been told the story, were upon me and I resisted. I couldn't read and I had not learned how to play. It was plain hell. My business was to me what the drug habit is to so many unfortunates. It controlled me. I did not control it.

" But Friday afternoon Bartlet came in with the plan. He and the other men and I worked to-

gether all the rest of the afternoon. Not having finished at closing time, I was on the point of ordering some food sent in. But that, I knew, was not the right thing to do. I invited them to the club — a club I had seldom visited — and not once during the meal did we talk about the plan. Afterward we went back to the office and settled things so that nothing remained for me to do except to introduce Bartlet to the bank and place my initials on the proof of an announcement we were sending out to the trade telling of Bartlet's appointment and of the appointments of his assistants.

"A week later I went off to the woods with my wife. We found a delightful place twelve miles from the railroad, run by a man by the name of Elliot Fisher, a young fellow who had been employed in a bank a few years before, but who had been threatened with tuberculosis. He had gone into the country with his wife and, because they had to make a living, started taking boarders. They had converted some old farmhouses into comfortable quarters and were having the time of their lives entertaining a limited number of guests.

"Not having anything else to do, I accepted the invitation of some men to join them on a trip up one of the mountains. Climbing took so much breath and so much thought that for the first time I forgot business. Not until the next morning did

I begin to wonder how the plant had handled that big order we had received the day I left from Crandall & Company, but I even quit wondering about that when I joined those same men who insisted that sliding down hill was the greatest sport in the world. In spite of myself I found the spirit of my boyhood coming back. I really enjoyed myself.

"Fisher took me out for a ride one day and told me something about his own business. 'Some day,' I said to him, 'I suppose you'll have a fine big hotel here.'

"'Not while I keep my common sense,' he answered.

"'Why not?' I asked. 'Don't you want to grow?'

"'Yes,' he said, 'I want to grow. But I want to grow as a free man, not as a slave. My wife and I are living now. She goes tramping with the guests or plays checkers or cards or talks — whatever she wants to do. That keeps her close to her guests, establishes personal contact, and enables her not only to see that things are going as they should, but to have a delightful time. The city folks come to her with their ideas and she has a bully time. I go hunting or fishing and always have time for loafing with folks who want to loaf. My job is fun. We keep our overhead down by keeping the

business comparatively small. Every year I turn away guests. That is better than having to worry about getting the number needed to pay the expenses. I can boss this job and give satisfactory personal service. To increase the size of the plant would be to make it more like a cold city hotel — a purely commercial proposition. Why not live as one goes along? '

" So, out there in the woods I got some ideas that smoothed out the wrinkles in my mind. I also got rested. The result was when I returned to the office I found things running more smoothly than I had any reason to expect. Only a few big matters awaited my attention. Bartlet came in after I had cleared off my desk.

" ' Busy? ' I asked.

" ' No, sir.'

" Then I told him about Elliot Fisher and what he had said to me about the way he and his wife kept in personal touch with the guests, instead of working in the kitchen or out in the field. I said, ' Our business is pretty much like the hotel business. We can make it impersonal, like some of those chilly city hotels, or we can make it a human, living, friendly thing. Now you fellows are running the kitchen and attending to all the out-of-sight work — doing it as it ought to be done, too. What do you think of the idea of letting me go off across the

country with my wife, visiting our customers in a purely social way? What I want to do is to get outside and establish personal connections between the head of this house and the men who buy our product. Our salesmen visit them, of course, but salesmen are salesmen. What this house needs is some one to go out who doesn't do any selling and who can speak as the head of the firm. Mind, Bartlet, I am not going to fill out any of those confounded daily reports of yours. I am going to disappear, and all you have to do is to send me a weekly statement to show me that you are not letting the business run into the ground.'

"Well, sir, that is what I did. My wife and I had a glorious two months. We went everywhere. And you should have seen the surprised look on the faces of some of our customers when I introduced myself. They laid themselves out to entertain us. I guess I even made a few speeches before the Advertising Clubs, the Rotarians, and the rest of those good fellows.

"What surprised me was the number of personal friends I made — men I wanted to have visit my home and men who liked me in the same way. I tell you, I had a stack of personal letters to write. In time, just because I simply couldn't keep up the personal correspondence, I wrote a general good-fellowship letter which we printed in big type on

good stock and mailed out. My signature in facsimile was at the end of it. Out of that grew our house publication. This publication is not published to sell goods. It is expected to do what I did on that trip — make friends for the house by being friendly. But even the work of getting out the magazine has been delegated. I found a man who can do that work better than I can. We lunch together at least once a week, and he oftentimes accompanies me on my loafing trips. It is surprising how much copy he gets out of conversations that seem rather ordinary to me at the time.

"Now, to come back to the thought I started with, I die every little while. I pretend that the end has come and I ask myself what I am doing that some one else could do just as well — or better. Since I contracted the habit of killing myself off, I have dropped one kind of work after another. Keeping in mind that I may drop off any minute, I have understudies ready not only for myself but for the other important men. We are all unnecessary. The result is our business never was better. We are all principals. Every one of our men carries a marshal's baton in his haversack. The men under me seem to keep on saying every little while, 'Here, you, get out of the way.' And, in self-protection, I scramble up to a higher place and all the rest of the men move forward at the same time.

"Not only do I share authority, but I share profits. The 'I' idea of business went out of our place years ago. Now it is always 'We.' It hurts me every time I hear one of our men say 'I will do this or that' when speaking with a customer. He is supposed to say 'We will do that.' The 'We' spirit is what we have cultivated because we have realized that 'I' is a pretty small individual.

"So, my advice to my fellow business men is to commit suicide every little while. If they do the job honestly and in a workmanlike manner, they will find themselves constructing the ladder that will land them in heaven, not after they are in the grave, but right here on this good old earth of ours.

"I know that because I have killed myself many times I have life more abundantly. The same is true of the rest of the men in our plant. The idea of being healthy and happy and financially successful has been used all the way through. We have made our factory clean within and without. We have done everything we could think of to make it a pleasant place in which to work. We have interested ourselves in providing proper houses for our workers, and we have mixed in education, recreation, and nearly everything else. We are all happier, healthier, richer, and by the looks of things and by the report of the doctors who examine us periodically, we are all fit to put off the day when death will

step in and kill us off for the last time. But when that time does come, we'll be prepared."

As I said in the beginning, maybe this man has foolish notions. There are a few of them and you can judge them for yourself by trying them out in your own life.

When Clara Barton persuaded the school authorities of Bordentown, N. J., to start a free public school there was great objections because, as she was told, parents would never send their children to a "pauper school." Even the so-called wise men of the place argued this way. When anything new is suggested it doesn't pay anyone to say, "It cannot be done." So many persons who have said, "It cannot be done," have had themselves written down in history as plain damn fools.

The Friendly Work

Every day I bless my work because of the joy it brings to me. The men with whom I do business are more than mere business acquaintances. Most of them become personal friends. Even if we had no business connection I should want to know that they were in my life. They pay me money, it is true. And that money is necessary. But they pay me more than that. They pay me in the finer coin of their own personalities. I think that I am one of the richest men in the world. Life has been and is very good.

One of the things all of us need to learn in this rushing age is to enjoy the little things more. Most big things are made out of a combination of little things, so naturally, if we enjoy the part intensely, we cannot help enjoying the whole.

The Truest Freedom

WE SHOULD keep no unaired chambers in the house of life. If sunshine has the power to wreck the structure, the structure should be wrecked. What we have done, we have done. All our thoughts and words and actions are wrapped up tightly, and we cannot drop any of them by the roadside.

We may not wish to tell the whole truth about ourselves to the public, any more than we wish to kneel down on the city street to say our prayers, but every one who knows anything about us, whether good or bad, should have our permission to pass it on.

In playing this game of life in the world we should be willing to toss all we have into the pot. Freedom is always denied those who are tied to secrets.

NO MAN who is unsuccessful at home can be a true success anywhere else. The place to be popular first of all, is where one lives. The next place is where one works.

YES, sir, it is better to be a radiant center of good-will and neighborliness than a master of unit costs.

The Tale of Two Men

One man said, "I will store up facts and give people information. They will honor me and be grateful."

Another man said, "I will try to be a source of inspiration to folks by loving them and filling their hearts with laughter and good feeling. In doing this I shall have my reward."

From the first man the people took the information without thanks and went their several ways, but the second man they followed and loved and honored and to him they gave their hearts.

It isn't well to have too much humility. The man who gets into the habit of refusing to take credit for good work he does is quite apt to be surprised when he discovers that people accept his denials as the truth.

"I refuse to believe the impossible," exclaimed a friend of ours the other day. "Why not?" we asked. "There is infinitely more fun in trying to believe the impossible than in believing the possible."

The Making of an Executive

A FRIEND of mine tries to carry all the burdens of his business on his own shoulders. In his employ were some young men whom he intended to trust with responsibility within a year or so.

Without warning he was taken sick and sent to the hospital. It was thought for a time he would not live. A business friend was given power of attorney and went in to look after his business. This man knew nothing about the details of the business. He admitted this freely to the young men and said to them, "You fellows go ahead and do what you think ought to be done." In two months my friend was back in his office.

"Being sick had its advantages," he said to me. "My business is now where I hoped it would be a year from now. My young men grew under the responsibility placed upon them and my affairs are in better shape than they ever were before."

The executive who does not delegate responsibility is a criminal. He is robbing his subordinates of their right to develop themselves, and he is robbing his business of the strength and wisdom which responsibility would give them.

Sandpaper

You tell me that there are many unpleasant things troubling you in your place of work. If you can answer without betraying a secret, would you mind telling me if you ever knew of velvet being used successfully as a substitute for sandpaper? The unpleasant, the hard, the trying, the temper-testing things are the sandpapery aids that smooth you off, that train you, that fit you to shoulder bigger responsibilities and to resist more trying troubles later on. So be very thankful for the sandpaper.

A CARTOON clipped from a penny newspaper may do the soul more good than the most learned sermon. A penciled note on a printed paragraph an inch long may open one's eyes to more knowledge than one often finds packed between the covers of a pretentious book. To know these truths is to know the trail that leads to Wisdom.

WHEN you are sure that your troubles are greater than Job's, just try to think what troubles made you feel the same way a year ago.

Self Expression

THE more I study, the more I think, the more I learn of men and women, the more passionately do I preach the gospel of self-expression. As the sun invites the buds to burst into flowers, as it draws the plants from the darkness of the earth, as its caresses call the life sap through the trunks of the trees, so would I have my writing and my life invite men and women out of the darkness that enfolds them and into the sunshine and the warmth of the joy that comes from the fullest self-expression. God's commands, I feel sure, are sent to us in the form of desires. That which we desire to do with all our strength, that which we most love to do, is what God wants us to do.

OFTENTIMES no greater mistake can be made in an organization than to "clean out the old-timers." Let them be judged by the service they render, not by their gray hair and the wrinkles on their face.

WEEDS are only flowers that are not fully understood. Sins are often virtues in disguise.

Carving Jade

MANY of us in business and out of it like to entertain the thought that we are courageous. We feel like congratulating ourselves when we plunge into enterprises, the outcome of which is in doubt. This is true especially when the chances we take are great.

Courageous as some of us are, however, I am quite sure that few of us have the courage of these Chinese artists who carve jade.

I was reading the other day that when an unusually large piece of jade is found in China a council of artists is called to determine into what shape it had best be carved.

If the artist chosen to perform the delicate task succeeds he will be highly honored and rewarded. His success, however, depends upon his work being approved after it has been subjected to public approval for a whole year. If the public does not approve of his work, his reputation as an artist is lost forever.

It is said that twenty years has not been considered too long for a single piece of carving.

How many of us would be willing to take the chance that such an artist takes?

On the other hand, isn't it worth while to take such a chance to give to the world another bit of almost imperishable beauty?

Why Try to Be a Red Rag?

I NEVER could see very much good in mixing with people with whom I couldn't mix pleasantly. Very little is gained by forcing oneself to like people.

In a world that contains so many folks who do mix with us pleasantly, why should we go out of our way to find people who raise the devil in us every time we see them.

A red rag never becomes popular in the sight of a bull, so what is the use of flaunting that red rag in the bull's face.

When I don't like people I stay away from them — and stay away from them in such a way that they never discover that I am staying away from them.

There is no great wisdom in advertising the fact that one is avoiding a person.

SOMEONE tells the story of the woman standing at the rear end of a train crying as she waved farewell to her friends in the town she was leaving. Her little son watched her crying for a time and then said earnestly: "Don't look back, mother; look ahead." That is advice that many of us need when we are wasting the glorious present in weeping for what is past.

Capitalize Your Curiosity

EVERY normal young person is afire with curiosity. If you are an employer, you should encourage these instinctive desires in your workers. Urge them to ask questions and show them where the correct answers can be obtained. Cultivate in them an abiding interest in those things in your business that appeal to them. In every person is an instinctive desire for growth, for development, for larger usefulness. Surround your workers with conditions favorable to their growth and, perhaps to your own surprise, the results you will secure will be miraculous.

I HAVE been writing in the living-room and between paragraphs have been looking out at the pines. The sight of those trees steadies me. They are so calm, so untroubled. From this window today no human habitation is visible. A mist has hidden the houses across the lake. It is easy to imagine oneself far out in the country. How silly the cities and their problems seem today!

Are You an Elephant?

A CERTAIN executive tried to explain his failure to co-operate with another executive by saying:

"When Blank came with this company he did so and so. Everyone knows that that was a fool thing to do. I made up my mind then that I would have nothing more to do with him."

What a perfectly asinine, senseless, narrow-gauged, picayunish remark!

What chance would any man have in this world if all his transgressions were held against him?

The elephant, a big, bulky beast, with a small brain, never forgets an injury. It holds things against people until the very end of its life.

Judging by the remark made by the executive quoted in the opening paragraph, there are in existence elephant-minded men — men who are a menace to any organization of which they are a part.

Some wise man wrote a long time ago: "In a world where death is there is no time for hatred."

In any organization where there is so much constructive work to be done, and where this work can be done successfully only through the closest and most harmonious co-operation, no one has time to hold grudges.

None of us is perfect. The man who goes about

holding grudges against others need not be surprised when he discovers the old law of compensation is getting in its work, and other people are holding grudges against him.

The good executive is a man who makes many decisions, some of which are right.

The fellow who does things, who has initiative, who has ideals and wants to materialize them, is bound to slip now and then. When he slips there is no reason why he should be damned for all eternity by those who, standing off on the standard path, had no difficulty in standing upright.

The next time you hear a man telling about the mistakes of an associate ask him this question: "Are you an elephant?"

To be popular at home is a great achievement. The man who is loved by the house cat, by the dog, by the neighbors' children, and by his own wife is a great man, even if he never has had his name in "Who's Who."

The beauty you find in a flower or in some jewel or landscape is the beauty of your own mind. Without this inner beauty there can be no outer beauty. The world you live in is the world you are.

My Daily Desire

To awaken each morning with a smile brightening my face; to greet the day with reverence for the opportunities it contains; to approach my work with a clear mind; to hold ever before me, even in the doing of little things, the Ultimate Purpose towards which I am working; to meet men and women with laughter on my lips and love in my heart; to be gentle and kind and courteous through all the hours; to approach the night with the weariness that ever woos sleep and the joy that comes from work well done.

How fortunate are those men and women who have mastered the art of expressing their love for other people. They give freely of themselves, tell those they love of that love, and are a joy to this gray old world, where there are so many who hide their emotions.

BELIEVE in yourself, your neighbors, your work, your own ultimate attainment of more complete happiness. It is only the farmer who *faithfully* plants seeds in the spring, who reaps a harvest in the autumn.

What Aristotle Said

FOUR hundred and some odd years B. C. there lived in Athens a wise man by the name of Aristotle. He was the teacher of Alexander, who cried because he could find no more worlds to conquer.

Aristotle said, what other wise men through the ages have said, that all men seek one goal — success, or happiness.

And he said, "The only way to achieve true success is to express yourself completely in service to society."

Then he gave these success rules: They are worth real money to any business man who does not know them.

First: Have a definite, clearly seen, practicable ideal — a goal, an objective point.

Second: Have the necessary means to achieve your ends — materials, money, methods, machinery, etc.

Third: Adjust your means to your end. That means, do not chop wood with a mallet, sprinkle flowers with a fire hose, talk French to one who does not understand it, etc.

The Invading Host

As THE ancient nations, drunk with power and the rich things of the earth, rotten with the filth of materialism, proved themselves dominated by the philosophy of the pigsty, they disappeared, and men found them no more at all. So shall the business institutions of our time, mad with profit-lust, unvitalized by the spiritual wealth of ideals of service, expressing themselves like preying animals of the jungles, give way before the invading hosts of those who fight under the banner of Service. They shall weep and mourn because "no man buyeth their merchandise any more," for "with their sorcery were all the nations deceived."

GREAT business leaders want two kinds of associates: first, those to whom they entrust their ideals; second, those who help them make money. They look upon the money earners as being of a lower order. These they do not take into spiritual partnership. They may share money with such associates, but they will not share their highest aspirations. The money earners are servants employed to help acquire capital to be used in carrying through projects suggested by the so-called impractical dreamers.

Make Friends

"If I were asked to give advice to a group of young folks who wanted to get ahead in business," said a successful old man to me the other day, "I would simply say: Make friends. Looking back over a long life, I can see that much of what the world calls my success is due very largely to what my friends did for me. As I sat here before the fire the other night I let my mind run back, and it was with surprise that I learned that many of the things which in my youth I had credited to my ability as a business man came to me because I had made influential friends who did things for me because they liked me. The man who is right has the kind of friends who are attracted by his wrongness. A man gets what he is."

Keep your mind filled with creative thoughts and we will all be squeezing your hand and congratulating you for one thing or another — possibly for making good with the manhood that is yours. And that, as you know, is a devil of a big accomplishment — better than leading the sales force, writing a successful play or a best seller, or performing any other stunt that wins the plaudits of the mob.

A Polisher of Lenses

A MAN who dared to live simply and to refuse positions of honor was Spinoza. His spirit had much to do with moulding the philosophic thought of the 19th century. He earned his living by making lenses. These the world wanted. It cared little for his ideas. His neighbors thought him irreligious. Once an assassin tried to stab him. He possessed few material things, yet he was never poor. By dedicating himself to a life of thought he became one of the master-thinkers of the religious and philosophic world. Money, except what little he needed to supply his simple wants, was of no value in his eyes. The "practical" men of his time called him a failure. Their names are forgotten. His name lives as the "God-intoxicated man."

How many polishers of lenses — men engaged in simple tasks — are working in the world today, unknown to fame, whose thoughts will thrill the generations yet unborn? How unsafe it is to judge the value of the work of other men!

IT IS indeed true, as some wise man has said, that many persons who are busy are only picking up the beans they have spilled.

More Powerful Than Kings

WHAT a wonderful opportunity an executive in a big business institution has to influence the lives of thousands of men and women! Few professional preachers have as great an opportunity. The great executive is more powerful than kings. From him goes forth an influence which manifests itself in thousands of homes. A business builder today also must be a man builder.

A BIG bumble bee came in through the window a while ago and for ten minutes or so tried his best to butt his foolish head through the glass. If the insect had any sense he would have settled down somewhere and looked about for an opening, instead of making such an infernal racket. He reminds me of some men I know.

WHEN we give a man our confidence, when we believe in him, when we express our faith in him and his work, we make easier all his tasks and lighten his load and remove, or help remove, the greatest obstacle on his road to success.

Folks Who Fear Lighthouses

A NEW ENGLAND citizen who lived on a dangerous coast told Ralph Waldo Emerson that he found resistance to the project of building a lighthouse on that coast, "as it would injure the wrecking business."

Ships were wrecked on that coast every little while and the people living thereabouts profited by it. Thinking only of themselves, they very naturally opposed the building of a lighthouse. A lighthouse would have served by saving ships. It would have interfered with a profitable local business.

To those narrow natives the Rights of Things were of more importance than the Rights of Persons. In their eyes, material wealth came first. People who were landed safely, or ships that were warned away from danger, were not profitable. Wrecked ships were profitable. Therefore, no lighthouse.

The whole world now demands that the Rights of Persons be placed before the Rights of Things. Autocratic business which existed for the profit of the few at the cost of the lives of the many must go — just as the Czar of Russia went.

The change in business can be made by the present owners — made without loss to them. All they need to do is to set up in their plants the necessary social machinery which will establish right relations.

When right relations between the management and the workers are established, both are safe.

The first thing to do is to establish means of communication. The management must be able to get ideas to the workers, and the workers must be given the same opportunities to get their ideas to the management. That will do for a start. That will serve as a lighthouse. It will drive away the darkness and the dangers of darkness.

In the light men who are willing to work together can accomplish much.

The executive who flies into a rage every time his subordinates displease him discovers, as he goes along, that unless he flies into a rage he can't get any results at all. The other night at the theatre I saw a violinist still a chattering audience by muting his strings.

Those of us who are wise will do most of our thinking about the present and the future because, as Blanche E. Nowell says, "If we turn back and try to live in the past, we will travel until we are lost in the mists of time."

The Fragrant Life

I AM told that visitors to the mosque of St. Sophia, in Constantinople, are greeted with fragrance when they enter the building. This fragrance pervades the entire place because when the mosque was built a thousand years ago the stones and bricks were laid in mortar mixed with a solution of musk. If we, in our youth, build our years out of helpful, friendly, neighborly acts, we will offer to the world the fragrance of lovable personalities when we go down the farther slope. I am thinking, too, that even after we have passed away, as the builders of this mosque have passed away, our works will go on living for us and praising us.

WE OUGHT to be very careful how we stand up and make objections to suggestions that seem to be progressive. You may remember that Richard Henry Lee objected to the Constitution because, among other things, "Many citizens will be more than 300 miles from the seat of this government."

BECOME a master of words and you will find it easier to become a master of men.

The Rock Hauler

A COUPLE of workmen drove into the yard a few moments ago with a load of stone for a new wall we are building. I went out to talk with them.

As the cart was tilted up and the rocks came tumbling out I asked, "Did you ever get hurt handling rocks that way?"

"Yes, indeed, sir," answered one of the Irishmen, "I've been handling stone for 30 years and have been hurt many times. Look what happened to me 26 years ago." At that he stooped down, rolled up his trousers and showed me where his leg had been broken just below the knee. I saw an open wound.

"Has that thing been open 26 years?" I asked, increduously.

"Oh, no," he answered, laughing as if it were a good joke, "that's from another crack I received a few days ago."

Then he looked at me with a twinkle in his eye and said, "You know, sir, we've got to expect just so many hurts as we go through this life."

JUST remember that the supply of good cannot be exhausted and you, if you are a worker and not a shirker, will get your share.

Is This an Executive You Know?

As I sat looking at him it suddenly flashed upon me that if the news came to his associates tomorrow morning that he had died suddenly the night before, not one of them would shed a tear or feel even for an instant a sense of personal loss. To them he has been a machine, hard, unfair, unjust, unlovable.

Not once has he tried to persuade his associates to care for him. In their minds he is associated with unpleasant things.

His entrance into a room is like a cloud passing across the face of the sun. The sound of his voice over the telephone carries no delight to the ear of the hearer. When he goes away, his associates utter a fervent and heartfelt "Thank God!" and when he returns, gloom settles down and men look furtively at one another.

I have sometimes wondered if he ever gives a thought to what his associates think of him — or if he cares. Some day he will die. And no one will care very much. Behind him he will leave a reputation as a maker of money. His family may enjoy what he leaves them. But in the eyes of his fellow-workers there will be no tears, and in their hearts will be no sorrow at his going.

Experience Taught Me This

To BE happy is my main job. Experience has taught me that I am happiest when I am doing most to add to the happiness of others. Such help, of course, must be rendered not as a duty but as a pleasure. There's a lot of difference, you know, between being hatefully helpful and lovingly helpful. Has your experience taught you this — or hasn't it?

So MANY men take pride in being called hard workers. I prefer to be called an easy worker. I know some hard workers who accomplish little and I know some easy workers who accomplish much. Let us judge men by their accomplishments, not by the way they work.

I FIND it easier and easier to find contentment in the riches of the mind. Take from me all the so-called riches of the world and leave me imagination and I shall still be rich; but give me all the wealth of the world and take from me my imagination and you will plunge me deep into the bottomless pit of indescribable misery.

Making Money Happily

One man of our acquaintance earns $15,000 a year. Another man we know just as well, earns $3,000.

If you were asked to tell us which is the more successful, the chances are, ten to one, that you would answer, "Why the one who earns $15,000 a year."

If you made that answer you would be wrong. No man's success can be measured by the size of his income.

It happens that the $15,000 man spends far more than he earns. He is in debt all the time and if his income ceased for any reason he would be dead broke.

The other man who earns only $3,000 a year, not only lives within his income, but carries a life insurance policy for the protection of his family, and as a result of his thrifty habits, has $10,000 scattered around in various savings banks, and in one co-operative society.

Perhaps more important than the money this second man has, is the peace of mind that is his. He has played the game of life according to the rules and is conscious of the fact that he has done good work. He enjoys life because his mind is not cluttered up with worries over debts and other negative things.

"The Great Sharer"

Mrs. Douglas Robinson said in one of her talks that she had been searching for two or three words which would express adequately what her brother Theodore Roosevelt was, and at last hit upon them — "The Great Sharer." What a splendid tribute! We ought to ask ourselves each day, "Am I sharing myself as generously as I might? Am I giving myself freely or am I holding back?" Roosevelt demonstrated that the great giver is the great getter.

The man who thinks it is his business to defeat his competitors is wrong. His competitors are not his enemies. They happen to be workers in the same field. The most efficient competitor offers the greatest inspiration to the business man who is keen enough to see that his job is to serve his public. The wise man looks upon competitors as co-operators.

There is no finer profession than one which compels us to build faith into the minds of men. In business faith is needed quite as much as money.

Why Have Ideals?

For fear that something may happen to me to prevent me from answering that question I will delay no longer but will give it to you now: Because it pays to have them.

What does that mean? Do they pay in dollars and cents, or merely those intangible rewards such as promises of a golden harp and jeweled crown in a heaven hereafter?

I know nothing whatever about a life hereafter. Neither does anyone else. What will happen to me after I have finished my work as TD troubles me not at all. My belief is that one world at a time is sufficient to keep even the most energetic and versatile man busy.

What does concern me, and what probably concerns you, is the winning of heaven right here and now. And heaven on earth, as I see it, belongs to the man or woman who has three things: Fame, Love and Fortune.

The famous man has done something useful. He may be internationally famous, like Hoover, or he may be locally famous like the village blacksmith, garage man or owner of the general store. He fills the niche for which he was created and does it so well that his fellow citizens give him recognition.

That goes for the man who has served. A man also may be famous for doing ill.

Which brings us to love. The man who has won and who holds the love, the affection, the genuine friendship of his fellows has something worth even more than fame. It means that he has given himself to them, has helped them, has made their lives richer and more colorful. Jesus did that. Nearly every community has men and women whose lives have endeared them to their fellows.

Fortune has many meanings. To one man it is a steady job that pays $5 a day. To another it is $10,000,000. Reduced to its lowest terms, it means an amount of money sufficient to guarantee to its owner the three primary requisites, food, clothing and shelter. Fortune for happiness means an amount of money sufficient for the needs of one to carry out one's ideas for rendering service to humanity.

Now carry the thought through for yourself.

THE truly efficient executive is he who makes his important decisions in advance of the time when those decisions are needed.

The By-Law

THOSE of us who have been bored stiff at so many public meetings by people who thought they knew how to talk interestingly, but were in reality nuisances, will appreciate the thought of the little girl in Revere, Mass.

Marguerite Kerr tells us that the children in one of the sixth grades decided to form an English club and a little girl was delegated to draw up the constitution and by-laws. She proved herself wonderfully adapted to the commission, for incorporated in her by-laws was the following which might well be legislated for all public gatherings:

" Those that can make speeches shall do so. Those that cannot make speeches shall keep still."

OF COURSE a temper-loser can get results, so can a hand-grenade or a bomb. The sun gets results without indulging in explosions. It produces results by the exercise of great drawing power.

The great executive is a drawer, not a driver.

SUCCESS in business, success in any line, is never a bequest; it is always a conquest.

Why Worry?

WHY do we all worry so? Why do we fret and say the world is not treating us right and make ourselves disagreeable to everyone by unnecessary lamentation?

Things are so easy if analyzed. The hard part is to stick to the analysis. Don't you think these lines sum up, briefly yet with so much truth and understanding, just what the world and his wife needs today?

A little more kindness and a little less creed;
A little more giving and a little less greed;
A little more smile and a little less frown;
A little less kicking a man when he's down;
A little more "we" and a little less "I";
A little more laugh and a little less cry;
A little more flowers on the pathway of Life;
And fewer on graves at the end of the strife.

When your burdens grow too heavy for you, you can do one of two things. You can either throw off part of your load or, under the stimulation of inspiration, find new strength which will make your burdens seem light.

EVEN the mean man has his value. You can learn from him how not to live.

Lovers of Good

I HAVE a little sympathy for the reformers who are concentrating their efforts upon restraining people from doing evil. My heart goes out to those workers who are trying to make this world a happy, joyous, clean place. All we need to do to overcome the so-called evil is to increase the amount of good. It is love that conquers hate — not hatred of hate. We gain nothing at all by hating evil. The hater is a poisoner of himself. The lover of good is the magician who is working in harmony with divine law.

THE most interesting conversationalists I ever have known did not pretend to be conversationalists at all. In fact, it was with difficulty that they were persuaded to talk and when they did speak it was about the work they loved. Only the other day I heard a literary man condemn a business man because all the latter talked about was business, whereas the writer wanted to talk about authors and their works. Even now I don't believe my literary friend knows why I laughed at his condemnation of the business man he was criticising.

A Sermon on a Bee

When some of your salesmen and managers complain that it is hard to make sales, and report that it is impossible to find buyers for your products, remind them that a clover blossom contains less than one-eighth of a grain of sugar, that seven thousand grains are required to make a pound of honey, that a vagabond bee, seeking everywhere for sweetness, must obtain this material from fifty-six thousand clover heads.

Tell them, too, that the bee is compelled to insert its proboscis separately into each floret or flower-tube, and that there are about sixty of these to each head.

Remind them that the bee, in performing that operation sixty times fifty-six thousand, or three million three hundred and sixty times, gets only enough nectar for one pound of honey — and then doesn't get the honey.

The bee has preached another sermon.

It is time for some of us to learn what work really is.

The man who cannot be efficient in his home management isn't likely to be efficient in managing a business institution.

Stones in Their Shoes

WALKING around our town one Sunday afternoon a neighbor and I were talking about some men we know. Passing the house of one of the men, I said: "That fellow in there isn't very happy, is he?"

"No," answered my neighbor. "He always has a stone in his shoe and flies buzzing around his head as he goes passing through the world."

I still chuckle as I think of what an accurate description this is of the man. He has never mastered the art of living comfortably. The world does not seem to fit him, nor does he fit the world.

There are altogether too many men who go about looking as if they had stones in their shoes.

I USED to waste a great deal of time arguing with persons who did not agree with me. Of late I have been spending so much time in the open air, associating with the trees, the sky, the lake, the hills and the eternal rocks, that the arguments in which men indulge seem foolish. To win an argument is no great achievement.

The Invisible Advertisement

Fire broke out in the Middlesex Fells last fall. If it had burned on the surface the caretakers would have had no trouble. Day after day the men went home thinking that they had conquered, only to discover that the fire had been following dry roots and vegetable matter and would come to the surface several rods away from where it stopped burning on the surface.

The same thing happens in business. Customers that buy one's product or service are like the flames that can be seen by the fire fighters. The fire underground is the mouth-to-ear advertising that is given one's product or service by people who receive their impressions from the customers. Every customer or client is a living advertisement. Whether the copy is good or bad depends upon the quality of our product or service. We get what we give.

Business institutions succeed only when the individuals in them render efficient service to the public. Labor unions will achieve increasing and permanent success only when union laborers express in their work standards of service higher than those of unorganized laborers.

Trees and Men

I was walking in the New Hampshire woods recently and noted that the heavy snow had bent down the birches during the winter. Those that were young had recovered, but those that were old, or were rotten at the heart, did not come back. Their tops still touched the ground. I thought, as I looked at those trees, how like men they are. Men who are young and healthy, recover quickly from troubles and burdens laid upon them, but men who are old or who have weakened themselves by the kind of lives they lead, find themselves unable to spring back after the burdens have been removed.

In looking back I can see clearly that during those times when I was most generous to the world, the world was most generous to me. It is certainly true that the law compels the giver to become the receiver. Only when I have not given have I felt the pinch of poverty.

Because you lack a noble and successful past is no real reason why you should lack a noble and successful future.

The Poverty of Unawareness

A GREATER poverty than that caused by lack of money is the poverty of unawareness. Men and women go about the world unaware of the beauty, the goodness, the glories in it. Their souls are poor. It is better to have a poor pocketbook than to suffer from a poor soul.

ONE business man introduced the home element into his office by buying a number of house plants and turning them over to his stenographers to care for. The flowers brightened up the office, and the girls took a greater interest in their work after they were given something to look after that apparently had no relation to their routine duties.

THERE may be greater worth in an hour's loafing, looking up at the sky, than in a month's study of the wisdom of the ancients.

Andrew Carnegie's Rabbits

ALTHOUGH he was poorer than the proverbial church mouse when he was a boy in Scotland, Andrew Carnegie knew human nature well enough to be able to get what he wanted with his insignificant material assets. One of his chief childhood enjoyments was the keeping of pigeons and rabbits. To secure food for these pets he needed help. He persuaded his boy friends to spend the Saturday holiday gathering dandelions and clover for his rabbits, the compensations being that the young rabbits when such came should be named after the boys who helped. Later in life he said his conscience reproved him for driving such a bargain, but the truth was he gave the only reward at his disposal. He also said he treasured the remembrance of the plan as the earliest evidence of his organizing power.

THE world always asks this question, "What have you given?" not "What have you got?" Give yourself and get happiness.

THE game of success is never a game of solitaire.

Are You Doing What You Want to Do?

ARE you doing with your life just what you want to do with it? Are you doing the work you most love to do? If you could be what you want to be, what kind of a man would you be?

If you aren't doing what you want to do and if you aren't the kind of a man you want to be, why aren't you? Put the reasons down on paper and see if they don't look foolish to you.

In the majority of instances a man can do what he pleases with himself. Things that get in your path are not obstacles unless you choose to regard them as obstacles.

One of the great truths is that there is always a way through, over, under, or around any obstacle.

You can get what you desire and in just the measure of that desire.

Persistency

Six times a spider has spun its web outside my study window and six times I have destroyed it. Tomorrow morning I'm sure it will be there again.

To prevent a spider from spinning its web time after time in the same place one has to kill the spider.

If we, who are interested in selling goods, had the persistency of spiders, we'd amount to something, wouldn't we?

Average human beings and circus animals have much in common. An animal trainer says that his charges resent changes and sulk for days when anything in their act is changed without their approval. Efficiency engineers and executives have learned this same truth in dealing with employees. When asked to change methods that have become habitual the average worker regards it almost as a personal insult.

Australia is proud of the fact that out of a population of 5,500,000, 2,442,284 have money in Australian savings banks. The people of our own country will have to go some to catch up with the Australians.

Be a Mixer

THE other night as I sat before the fireplace I noted that the stick of wood, although it was a fine, dry piece of oak, was not burning. I tossed another piece of wood beside it and in a moment both burst into flame. What is it the Bible says to the general effect that it is not good for man to be alone? A man, no matter how good his quality, must mix with others if he would express himself most efficiently. One stick would not burn. Two sticks together sent out heat and light. There are sermons in fireplaces as well as in running brooks.

WHY should I try to hide from you the fact that my object in life is to play all the time? I am thinking now of what Sir James Barrie said to some young people one time when he was talking about work. "It isn't real work," he said, "unless you would rather be doing something else."

The Days of Gold

THE age we live in is a golden age if we only have the vision with which to see the gold. And every day, as Emerson said, is the best day in the year. Do we not have the experience of looking back upon what were to us commonplace adventures and finding that they were filled with a glory we did not suspect? The thing to do is to look upon every day as a day of adventure — greet each new dawn with an awakening sense of wonder. What color will this new day bring into our life? What new friend? What new vein of gold will we discover in some old acquaintance? The possibilities are endless.

YOUR happiness depends upon what you think, not upon what you own. As Abraham Lincoln said: "I have noticed that folks are generally as happy as they have made up their minds to be."

THREE-FOURTHS of the mistakes a man makes are made because he does not really know the things he thinks he knows.

Jay Gould's Bad Advice

It is well for young people early in life to learn not to place too much faith in advice given them by men who have themselves achieved success.

When Edward W. Bok, for instance, told Jay Gould he wanted to enter the publishing business, the Wall Street wizard replied, "You are making a great mistake."

If a young man enters a business he loves most it isn't likely he will go wrong. Even when a man makes money at a business he hates, he has achieved for himself a failure and not a success.

Every man should aim to be a master egotist. He must believe, with all the intensity of his being, that he can render at least one service to the world better than any other man. Then he must make good.

The very first process in getting things done is to think that you can do them. The next step is to put legs and arms and eyes and fingers to work to back this thought of yours.

The Tail of the Burro

When I am tempted to save something because there is a remote possibility that it may come in handy some day I remember that when George W. Coleman was in his thirties he fell sick with scarlet fever and when he was convalescing he thought it would be well to spend some of his time sorting out some of the stuff he had saved when he was in his early twenties. In the collection was an envelope on the outside of which George had written shortly after his twentieth birthday, "This envelope contains some hair taken from the tail of the burro upon which I rode up Pike's Peak."

One reason why P. F. Sullivan is such a successful executive is because he has sense enough not to give orders to associates who respond more quickly to suggestions. He prefers to get people to do things because they want to do them not because they have been ordered to do them.

One thing is sure, you cannot create good business by thinking and talking bad business.

The Magic of Thought

A MAN came in yesterday to tell me that he had lost his job. He tried to be a good sport but it was easy to see that he was very miserable. I knew something about the job he had held and even more about the company he had been with. My own feeling was the job was a good one to lose. I said this to my discouraged acquaintance. In a few moments his eyes lost their dulness, his face lit up, and he went away acting like a man who had received a promotion. Such is the magic of thought. He was no better off materially when he left than he had been when he came in. All that had happened to him was that his thinking had changed. Many men have to lose their jobs in order that they may find themselves.

DO NOT wage war against your so-called bad qualities and evil habits. Rather increase that which is good in you and the evil, as you will quickly discover, will cease to be.

The Best Business Man

As a business man — and a practical one at that — I believe that the highest ideal is the best for the building of profitable business. I would have all workers think the best thoughts, speak the best words, associate with the best people, read the best books, and model their lives after the best man.

And I know of no Man greater than the One of whom it was written, "And all the multitude sought to touch Him; for power came forth from Him, and healed them all."

I would like our institutions to be filled with men so good and so great that the multitude would seek to touch them. The best man is the best business man.

We get what we need when we need it. Which is not the same as saying that we get what we want when we want it.

He is a wise man who learns early in life to give other men a chance to make some of the money being made in the world.

The Keys to Success Town

BEFORE performing any act, great or small, ask yourself these questions and you will find in your hands the Master Keys that will give you entrance into Success Town: What shall I do? Why should I do this? How shall I do this? When shall I do this? Have a good reason for all your acts and all the powers of concentrated wealth, fate, bad luck, enemies, chiggers, hookworms, and unkind gods cannot prevent you from winning for yourself permanent and increasing success. And success is happiness.

IN the heart of every man is the desire to express his mental and physical power in rendering greater service to his fellows. That desire may be unawakened, it may be weak, or it may be the dominating factor in a man's life. But that it exists in every man is certain. To awaken this desire and give it its fullest growth should be the aim of every executive.

PLACE a high value on yourself and then prove that you are worth it.

Right Lenses

WHEN the new non-glare lens rules were put into effect some time ago I asked our traffic officer down at the square here in Winchester if mine were all right, and he, after looking them all over, told me they were.

For several months thereafter I drove around without giving any further thought to those lenses until one night I left the car parked near the Touraine where Snug and Frank Gilbreth and I had dined before going to the theatre. After the theatre when I got into the car I found a salmon-colored tag attached to my wheel which told me that my lenses were illegal.

Being a law-abiding citizen at times, I got a set of new lenses the next day and — here is the whole nub of the story — my lamps gave more light than they ever did before.

I said to myself, "Why didn't I have sense enough to do the legal thing months ago? I certainly am glad that inspector put that salmon-colored tag on my steering-wheel."

Every man who goes up against man-made laws may not have exactly the same experience that I had in this, but it is certain that every man who disobeys natural laws pays the penalty for his dis-

obedience and every man who obeys natural laws finds that much more light is spread on his path and traveling along is ever so much more comfortable.

One of the late Theodore Roosevelt's expressions was, "I work hard and play hard." There is no reason why you shouldn't indulge in the outdoor sports that appeal to you most. Go fishing, play baseball, tennis, golf, work in your garden, do any of the things that appeal to you. Recreation should really recreate, make you stronger, better, richer, healthier, more efficient.

But after you have finished playing, settle down on the job and give to it the same concentrated attention that you give to the sport that pleases you most.

In my time I have known many men and women who in the eyes of the world were important personages, but I'm going to admit publicly that those with whom I have had the best times have in the world's eyes, been people of no special importance.

Success Through Sorrow

UNLESS a man has had his hour in the Garden of Gethsemane and has felt the crown of thorns pressing against his brow, he has missed some of the big things of life. It is only through sorrow that true success is ever reached.

THE test of the strength of a man in the Paleozoic time was a test of physical power. The test of a tribe was a physical test, but when they got through sprawling through the ooze and the slime they developed brains, and prowess and not physical strength felt the bull influence on the stock market.

We are just beginning to place moral strength above intellectual as long ago the latter took the lead of the physical. We have learned that nothing is more practical than a high, clearly defined ideal of service to our neighbors.

"JUST think of the good a successful man could do," says J. Edgar Park, "if only hard luck had softened him a little."

There May Be No Tomorrow

HERE is a poem, the name of whose author we do not know. All we can do is think kindly of the unknown friend who wrote these lines:

During all the years since time began,
Today has been the friend of man;
But in his blindness and his sorrow
He looks to yesterday and tomorrow.
Forget past trials and your sorrow.
There was, but is, no yesterday,
And there may be no tomorrow.

THE one sure way to escape ingratitude is to do good without expecting gratitude as your reward. If you do not get your joy out of the act of self-expression you cannot find it elsewhere.

The Slow Town

JULIAN STREET tells of a town down South in which a lady of his acquaintance stopped her motor, and asked the men what time it was. They stared blankly at her a moment, after which one of them said seriously, "We don't know. We don't have time here."

Of course, the story is told by Mr. Street to show how slow some of those towns are, but are any of us so sure that their slowness is not quite as valuable as our terrible strenuousness and speed? Are we getting more of the essential things out of our lives than they are out of theirs? Is extreme busyness an unalloyed virtue?

Perhaps we would be better off if we did more quiet thinking and less rushing hither and thither.

PEOPLE who have the reputation for saying brilliant and witty things no longer interest me as much as they used to. Now I prefer those good, clean, wholesome, creative persons who spend most of their time doing useful work in the world and who are too wise to be cynical or tiresomely brilliant.

My Friend, The Star

When I am tempted to entertain an exaggerated opinion of my own importance, my good friend, the star Betelgeuse, comes to my assistance. In its quiet way it reminds me that I don't amount to so very much after all. It restores to me my sense of proportion. I cannot feel big in the presence of a star whose diameter is 260,000,000 miles or more than 300 times that of the sun, and 32,000 times that of the earth. When I stop to think about my size as compared with the earth's, and then remember that Betelgeuse in volume is 33,000,000 times that of the earth, I become cool and calm and only reasonably egotistical. An Indian girl told me that once Indian mothers often put their crying children out to look at the stars. We ought to have sense enough to put ourselves out when we are fretful, or uneasy, or when we think we are so important that the world would have difficulty getting along without us.

Men and Electric Eels

THE electric eel, which attains a length of three feet and the thickness of a man's thigh, has a natural battery that is sufficiently powerful to stun the largest animal. After its electricity is discharged, however, it becomes defenseless and timid. It is only after long rest and after abundance of food that it regains its power. How like the electric eel a business man is! He plunges in with all his force and exhausts it against the obstacles that oppose his progress, but if he is wise and takes vacations when he needs them, his power comes back and he can again go at his work with new strength.

THERE is no use in wasting time because of losses we have sustained, because of plans gone wrong, because of griefs and sorrows that visit us. Back of every act stands a long line of causes, most of them having never been within our control. All we can do is to trust ourselves completely to the universe and accept what comes as part of the great game. We are always being used in the working out of a plan — a plan governed by unchanging laws.

Is Life Worth Living?

No matter what our position in the world may be, no matter whether we are financially successful or financially failures, at some time or other we ask ourselves that question which has been asked by so many millions of men and women before us: Is life worth living?

Usually it is when we are tired that this question haunts us. When we are rested the world looks good. Life appears to us as a splendid thing. We think of it as a great adventure.

But when we are tired, because of the drudgery of our household, or because of the problems that perplex us in our business offices, then the great question comes up and we seek for an answer.

The next time that question stares you in the face answer it with these words by some poet whose name, unfortunately, is unknown to us:

Life? and worth living?
Yes, with each part of us —
Hurt of us, help of us, hope of us, heart of us,
Life is worth living.
Ah! with the whole of us,
Will of us, brain of us, senses and soul of us.
Is life worth living?
Aye, with the best of us,
Heights of us, depths of us —
Life is the test of us!

Give Subordinates a Chance

JOHN D. ROCKEFELLER was not a man to clutter up his mind with details. He trusted his subordinates. One day he was talking to George D. Rogers, who was the first stenographer of the Standard Oil Company and who later became Mr. Rockefeller's financial secretary. Mr. Rockefeller said, "Mr. Rogers, do you know that I have not been in the Standard Oil building in six years?"

"Yes, Mr. Rockefeller," replied Mr. Rogers, "This is only the fourth time this year that I have talked with you face to face."

"Do you know," went on Mr. Rockefeller, "I believe that I am of just as much value to the company as if I were down at the office every day bothering with details that others can attend to."

Some executives who are standing in the way of their subordinates may get a valuable lesson from this. Subordinates cannot grow if the chief insists on hanging around every day for the purpose of making all-important decisions.

They Need Cross Breeding

It is a well known fact that in long periods of security the herd instinct becomes weak. But when danger threatens the whole herd comes together for defensive purposes.

We were thinking about this recently when we had occasion to watch some manufacturers working together in a defensive way because they were having labor troubles. They had not had the foresight to get together for offensive purposes before the trouble was upon them.

When we use the term " offensive purposes " we do not mean the foolish old kind of warfare. We mean they should have come together long before there was any threat of trouble for the purpose of making their workers so satisfied that no trouble could possibly arise.

One funny thing about business men is their habit of taking defensive positions so often. They appear before legislative committees for the purpose of objecting to something they do not like. That they might get together with the fellows on the other side long before the bill had been drawn up and get a law that would be satisfactory to both sides seems to enter their minds all too seldom. We sometimes think that employers should be grateful to agitators who stir up strife. It gives the employers a chance

to get together for the purpose of talking over matters of mutual concern. It also brings them in touch with the ideas of labor.

The trouble is employers herd together and workers herd together. They need a little cross breeding for the best interests of all.

THERE is such a thing, you know, as paying too much for your money. What good is a million dollars to you when your friends peek at you through a glass and murmur, "Doesn't he look natural!" Many a man struggles all his life to arrive, and then finds that there's nowhere else to go, and the place he's arrived at isn't one-two-three with some of the places he passed by when the "Go Slow" signs meant nothing to him. Live today. Sleep is the finest of indoor sports. It is better than fine gold and precious stones. You get it when you live one day at a time, play square with yourself, be at least ordinarily neighborly, laugh a bit now and then, and live so that the man who works with you all the year round thinks you are a good fellow. If you do these things you'll have mighty few worries and you'll know what long life and happiness really are.

The Bluffer

He is called the bluffer because he hasn't had sense enough to put into practice in his own life Eben Holden's advice, to "under-estimate his horse a leetle for the sake of a reputation." He hasn't discovered that the simple truth makes the most powerful sales argument. He drives a car he cannot afford because he thinks he needs it to make an impression, thereby advertising that appearances count more with him than substance. In talking with him one is conscious all the time that he has nothing in reserve. The sad thing about it all is that he doesn't need to bluff in order to be successful, and people would have more respect for him instead of standing off smiling at his antics and his speeches.

The only success worth striving for is that which will give us peace and happiness.

The gods are known to each other. So are the devils. Friends come to us naturally at the command of our thoughts. The quality of our thoughts determines the quality of our associates.

Are You Saving?

When you read the histories of most of the manufacturing companies of the world you will find that they were started by someone who knew how to work hard and was thrifty. All these men may have had at the start was a few hundred dollars, but if they hadn't had the few hundred dollars they never could have started business at all.

Even a man who goes into business with a pushcart must have some capital, else he cannot buy the cart nor his little stock of goods.

In the early days John D. Rockefeller kept a record of every cent he spent, and he never spent a cent unnecessarily.

Andrew Carnegie got his start by saving what he could out of his small wages and investing it wisely.

Men are starting fortunes today exactly the same way.

Are you saving or spending?

The Secret of Success

HERE is the secret that changed a young man from an ordinary success into a great industrial leader. The interesting thing about this secret is its simplicity. You can use it right where you are. It doesn't matter how old you are, where you live, what your work is — whether you are banker, farmer, merchant, clerk, laborer or manufacturer. And the secret which *in one year* changed a very ordinary salesman into state manager for a big business was stated over 400 years before Christ by the teacher of Alexander the Great, Aristotle.

Aristotle said: "All men seek one goal: Happiness. Happiness (which is true success) can be found only through expressing all one's physical, mental, and spiritual power in usefulness to others."

But that is too general. The advisor of the young salesman took Aristotle's three success essentials and said.

"First of all, you must have a definite, clearly-seen goal. You must know where you want to go. You must know what you want to do. You must pick a career. You want to be a farmer, a merchant, a lawyer, a doctor, a druggist, a salesman, a manager — what? The hunter who shoots into the woods without aiming isn't likely to bring home many deer. The boy who goes from job to job, from town

to town, without an aim, without purpose, cannot achieve success. You, for instance, are a salesman right now. What will you be a year from now? Five years from now? Like a railroad builder, you must have a plan. You must have a destination.

"Second, you must get the materials you need which will help you reach your goal — help you to do what you want to do. You need health of body and mind. Your mind and your body make you a magnet. You attract what you are. If you have character, as J. P. Morgan said, you can get money. Banks will back you if you have backbone and brains. Friends will help you. If your desire is to serve others, the things you need to enable you to achieve your purpose will come to you, one at a time. A man with an idea plus character can get money with which to buy machines and build a factory, stock a store, or do whatever else he wants to do. Let him show others that he is thrifty, that he can save, that he has something worth while, and the things he needs will be his at the right time — provided he works with intelligence and purpose.

"Third, you must adjust your means to your end. That is, you must not bite off a pound when you can only chew an ounce. You must not hire ten men when one can do the work. You must not build a ten-story building when your business cannot use more than one room. You must not *talk* big and *do* little.

You must go ahead one step at a time — not attempt to jump a mile-wide gorge when your best running broad-jump record is less than 20 feet. You can set your goal as high as you please, but you must approach it steadily, surely, by definite, planned steps."

And that is all there is to the Secret of Success. Have a goal. Use what you have where you are to get what you need — and be sure to get what you need, and nothing that will hamper you later. Then use what you have wisely.

When you have in your heart a desire to serve others you will be clean and straight and dependable. Men will trust their women and their money to your care. Unless they can do this, you are not a true success.

With a definite service goal and a strong desire to give the world the best you have in you, all things are possible to you. You may be a cripple, you may be past your youth, you may be without money. But with a desire to serve and the common sense necessary to express that desire in a practical way, nothing can stop you.

"What man has done, man may do." There always is a way through, under, over, or around whatever stands in your way.

And always remember: It is the great giver who becomes the great getter.

Why He Lost His Job

A DEPARTMENT manager was asked recently to resign by his employer and when he left there was no one in the organization who was sorry to see him go. That explains why he was asked to resign. He had brains, knew how to do his work well, and might have been of great service to the organization if he had had sense enough to be interested in making friends. One of his troubles was that he felt himself superior to many of his associates. As always happens, he received what he gave. Had he been appreciative of the work of others, had he shown any interest whatever in their affairs, they would have shared themselves with him, and when the crisis came, he would have had friends back of him instead of associates who were either indifferent or unfriendly. It is of first importance, of course, that a man should do good work, but part of doing good work consists in creating friendship. The man who makes friends is creating helpers who will do much to carve out his success for him.

JUST remember that the supply of good cannot be exhausted and you, if you are a worker and not a shirker, will get your share.

What Is A Friend?

Two men were talking about friendship, and one of them had praised Emerson's splendid essay. The other said, "I don't know what Emerson wrote on friendship, but I am willing to accept for myself the definition of a friend, written by some unknown writer, that I found somewhere the other day printed on a little slip of paper. Let me read it to you."

"What is a friend?" he read. "I will tell you. It is a person with whom you dare to be yourself. Your soul can go naked with him. He seems to ask of you to put on nothing, only to be what you are. He does not want you to be better or worse.

"When you are with him you feel as a prisoner feels who has been declared innocent. You do not have to be on your guard. You can say what you think, so long as it is genuinely you. He understands those contradictions in your nature that lead others to misjudge you.

"With him you breathe free. You can take off your coat and loosen your collar. You can avow your little vanities and envies and hates and vicious sparks, your meanness and absurdities, and in opening them up to him they are lost, dissolved on the white ocean of his loyalty. He understands. You do not have to be careful.

"You can abuse him, neglect him, tolerate him.

Best of all, you can keep still with him. It makes no matter. He likes you. He is like fire that purges all you do. He is like water that cleanses all that you say. He is like wine that warms you to the bone. He understands.

"You can weep with him, laugh with him, sin with him, pray with him. Through and underneath it all he sees, knows, and loves you.

"A friend, I repeat, is one with whom you dare to be yourself."

If you have advanced ideas on any subject, do not expect popular applause. The people seldom approve the pioneer. You must get your joy not from the cheers of the populace, but from self-expression. If your ideas are worth while and you have confidence in their value to the world, the approval of the multitude will be a matter of supreme indifference to you.

How grateful we are to those men and women we meet along the vagabond trail of life who open our eyes to the goodness that is in us. How thankful we are to those who give us the courage to announce publicly our love for the best.

Your Savings Account Speaks

EVERYTHING we do or fail to do advertises to the world what kind of folks we are. People who let their savings accounts go for months without adding a dollar to them may be too unfortunate to spare the money, but the chances are that they are neglectful and are wasting the money that ought to be saved.

The depositor who is a regular saver advertises to us that he or she has character and knows the wisdom of working forward through life with a definite plan in mind.

No success is built without a plan that is followed through. Your savings account cannot grow unless you give it regular, constant, devoted care.

What is your savings account telling us about you?

SOMETIMES it is well for us to get far away from our regular daily work so that we can see it in perspective. To look back upon it gives us an opportunity to see its strength and weaknesses. We see what is important and what is less important. It makes us kinder and simpler and increases our faith.

The Golden Scarecrow

THERE are, as many men have observed before, two classes of people in the world. One class is made up of men and women with imagination, generous impulses and warm hearts who find more good than evil in the people they meet. The other class is made up of men and women without vision, soured in disposition, poor in heart because they have no generous impulses, who look upon the world as a place where most things are wrong and most persons evil.

How much better it is to have adventures like the characters in Hugh Walpole's, "The Golden Scarecrow." Read this adventure:

"To their left a dark brown field rose in an ascending wave to a ridge that cuts the sky.

"The field was lit with the soft light of the setting sun. On the ridge of the field something suspended, it seemed in mid-air was shining like a golden fire.

"'What's that?' said Mr. Pidgen again. 'It's hanging. What the devil!'

"They stopped for a moment, then started across the field. When they had gone a little way, Mr. Pidgen paused again.

"'It's like a man with a gold helmet. He's got legs. He's coming to us.'

"They walked on again. Then Hugh cried 'Why it's only an old scarecrow. We might have guessed.'

"The sun, at that instant, sank behind the hills and the world was grey."

In the end, it is true, it was only an old scarecrow, but for one wonderful, glowing moment it was a man with a gold helmet — something to stir the imagination, to make the blood flow more quickly, to help to fill the whole world with a new glory.

For our own selfish sakes, if for no other, should we not welcome all new friends as if they wore shining armor? In the end, of course, some of them may turn out to be scarecrows and little more. But suppose they do. If only for a short time they have the power to thrill us, to make us feel bigger, to awaken in us new desires and higher aspirations, they have served a great purpose, and having done that, they deserve our thanks.

Even if they do drop out of our lives, even if some of them disappoint us, let us remember them as they appeared to us in those golden moments when we were rich in the belief that they wore shining armor.

When we are most generous to our friends and to the world we are most generous to ourselves.

The Source of Inspiration

Lafcadio Hearn wasted much of his life bewailing the fact that inspiration would not come to him and enable him to write. He did much good work, but he could have done much more had he not spent so much of his time and energy writing about his inability to find perfect conditions. The weather was too hot or too cold. His environment was wrong. When he was in Cincinnati he wanted to be in New Orleans. When in New Orleans the West Indies attracted him. Even Japan, where he did his best work, was described in some of his letters as a hateful place.

The man who loves his work does not worry about receiving inspiration from outside himself. I like to think about the workmanlike way a painter friend of mine goes about things. Give him materials with which to work, good light and freedom from interruptions, and he asks little more from the Fates. There is no telephone in his studio. Visitors (when the light is good) probably do not receive a hearty welcome. In his life work comes first. That is why he is such a great producer.

When I was at his studio up on the hill, and realized how free he is from interruptions, I confess I envied him. I thought of the countless interruptions to which I am subjected daily — telephone calls,

visits from people I never saw before and will never see again (agents for this, that, or the other thing), and the few delightful interruptions of worth-while men and women who bring so much joy and good cheer into our office. Of course, sustained work cannot be done under such conditions. But there is nothing to prevent me from going home where I can be free.

I have found that when I eat, sleep and exercise sanely, I have all the inspiration I need. Late hours are not for me. I have fewer and fewer evening engagements. When I want to see friends, I go to lunch with them. Banquets, parties, hotel dinners have no attraction for me. When I go to the theatre I would rather go with my wife than any one else in the world. We have good times together. I never have business engagements Saturday afternoons nor Sundays. By guarding my time and energy I manage to get done an amount of work that astonishes those who know what our office sends forth.

Give me health and a rested mind and body and I have all the inspiration I need.

What Does It Profit a Man?

THREE years ago a friend of a brainy, ambitious, hard-working New England business man urged him to let up on his everlasting day-and-night work.

His wife added her pleas to those of the family friend. "We used to have such wonderful times," she said, trying to smile, "but that was before we got rich. Do you know," she went on, her voice vibrant with feeling, "I would give every dollar we have if we could only have our old dreams back."

Her husband laughed. "I know it is hard on you," he said, "but in a little while I'll have this pesky business where I want it and then we'll have a real vacation — just like the ones we used to have when I worked for a salary and was rich enough to take two whole weeks every summer."

He wouldn't stop working. The pleadings of his wife, the advice of his friends, — nothing kept him from driving himself and everyone else.

Most of the time he was irritable. He didn't get sufficient rest. After a long day in the office, he would bring papers home with him and after dinner would shut himself up in his room and figure and plan for hours.

His children never knew what it was to play with him. As a matter of fact he played with no one.

He tried to explain that his business was his pleasure. But anyone looking at his face knew that he was being driven by his business and it was not being driven by him.

When things shaped themselves so there was a chance to let up a bit, he would reach out for more and pile more obligations upon himself and his organization.

His name was printed in the newspapers and men who went home to their wives and romped with their kids used to envy him.

And the wives of these men envied his wife because she drove her own car and had twelve servants to minister to the needs of her home.

His wife couldn't make this man stop. His friends couldn't.

Yet, perhaps to his own surprise and it may have been to his relief, he did stop working the other day.

Death stopped him.

You'll Find Comfort In Reading History

A FEW days ago at the Boston City Club a business man who really ought to know better was talking most pessimistically about the world and about his own particular business. There was no light anywhere. All around were great gobs of gloom. Joy was a thing of the past. Never again would there be industrial or any other kind of peace. Business had gone to the demnition bowwows and was going to stay there.

The trouble with this man, and other men who think and talk like him, is that they are living too much in the present. The penny held up to their eye obscures the sun. What they need is to read history, and, fortified with the lessons taught by the past, look forward to the kind of world they desire. For men do get what they desire, and in just the measure of that desire. Men actually think things into existence. In our slip-shod, hit-or-miss way we wobble about the world worshipping material substances and paying no attention whatever to the creative power of thought.

The world we live in is, when we analyze it, the world in which we think we live. There are as many worlds as there are persons. Your world differs from mine and mine from yours. Our City

Club friend lived, for a time at least, in a world of gloom, in a world where natural law had ceased to operate creatively. Others, more philosophic, realize that the troubles of today are but temporary, and that out of the things that seem wrong much good will come in time.

Few things continue to be bad in the presence of men who want things right. You remember the story of the man who led a very wicked life. He was so bad that when he died he went straight to hell. He found himself in a wonderful city, with paved streets, tall shade trees, splendid buildings, and evidences of a culture which filled him with astonishment. The hell of fire and brimstone which he had expected to find was not there. Just then he met Bob Ingersoll whom he had known in this life.

"I thought you were in hell," exclaimed the newcomer.

"I am," answered Bob. "This is Hell."

"This can't be Hell," said the newcomer in astonishment. "I thought Hell was a place of pain and misery, with devils sticking spears into sinners, and all that. This Hell isn't like that."

"No," answered Bob, with the pride of a prominent citizen who had helped do something for his community, "but you should have seen the damned place when we got hold of it."

Over a period of years a man's life, a man's business, the community in which he lives, is what he desires it to be. In my own town of Winchester, where there are parks and pleasure drives, there were tannery yards a quarter of a century ago. The tanneries went because beauty-loving residents saw in the Mystic Lakes something finer than tannery dumps. The town changed because the men who lived in it changed their thinking.

As I said, what we need to do today is to read history. Read what Nehemiah did to rebuild Jerusalem. The city was almost a ruin. Inspired by a great love, Nehemiah asked permission of Artaxerxes, in whose court he was cup-bearer, to rebuild it. His people were scattered. Only a handful of the old crowd remained. Enemies without did not want to have the place restored. But Nehemiah, blessed with the vision of the city as he wanted it, talked to the people and inspired them. With great wisdom he divided the workers so that in rebuilding the wall each man was set to work on that part of the wall nearest his own home. That meant he would not slight his task. Thus did Nehemiah tie selfishness into the great community scheme. Most bad things become good when rightly used.

We will find a few years from now that during this period of reconstruction much good came into

existence which without the troubles of the present could never have been created. Pain generally attends childbirth.

Suppose before we lose heart we wait and see what happens. Whilst waiting let us read history. There is comfort in the past for those of us who think there is too much darkness in the present.

Marcus Aurelius offered special thanks to those friends who had made their gifts and contributions to him in terms of candor, fairness, justice, steadfastness, courage, dignity, benevolence and simple piety, rather than to those who made gifts to him in material form. From those who had bidden him to be a man to the full height of his stature, he received most. In your own experience haven't you been most grateful to those who have helped you to become better, more courageous, more kindly, and more useful to your fellowmen?

Reading Biographies

UNLESS you are reading the lives of the men and women who have made history you are denying yourself one of the greatest pleasures of life.

Not only are you denying yourself pleasure, but you are robbing yourself of inspiration and ideas that would help you increase your success, no matter how successful you may be at the present moment.

It isn't at all necessary for you to read uninteresting books. Stories of the lives of men and women in all walks of life who have done work that is worth while, that has helped to make the world a better place, are far more interesting than novels.

If you have not found out for yourself the pleasure of reading biographies, give yourself that chance now.

MOST wise persons are a curious combination of wisdom and ignorance.

How Hoover Ended Useless Talk

SOMETIMES when I am forced to listen to long-winded after dinner speakers who say nothing, or attend committee meetings where the chairman lets those present wander all over the lot, I wish it were possible to have concealed somewhere around the place a boy with sense enough to do what Herbert Hoover did when he was working in his uncle's real estate office in Oregon.

The company was in financial difficulties and a meeting was held one night to find out what ought to be done. Each of the men present was trying to protect himself, and there was much loud talk and calling of names.

When hot words were flying back and forth the light suddenly went out. The angry fighters united in complaining against the gas company.

They couldn't carry on the meeting in the dark so they stumbled out of the office and went home.

When Uncle John was about to lock up, young Bert appeared and the uncle asked, "Bert! Did thee turn out the lights?"

"They were only running up the gas bill," answered Bert, "There was no use in that kind of talk."

That's what our radical friends would call an example of direct action.

An Invisible Force

ONE time the managing editor of a well-known publication asked a man, "Ever have your hat blown off?"

"Yes," said the merchant.

"What blew it off?"

"The wind."

"Did you ever see the wind?"

"No."

"Well, advertising is like the wind — an invisible force. You can't see it but you can and will see the results just as you saw your hat go rolling down the street."

"IF THE mind is occupied and full of big things," said some very wise person, "it doesn't give the body a chance to be ill long. You can't be ill if your brain is healthy."

THERE are many things worse than poverty. The wise men of the world know that the lamp of the soul is extinguished quite as effectively by wealth as it is by lack of means. No man should possess more than he can animate.

Hitting Them Right

ALL of us who are amateur golfers have days when we hit them out straight and true and other days when we flub shot after shot and seemingly have no control whatever over our clubs.

I was reading in the papers the other day a story of a Chicago professional named McDonald, who in testing out some steel clubs, was asked to flub some of his shots.

Try as he would it seemed impossible for him not to hit his balls as they ought to be hit.

The reason McDonald couldn't flub his shots was because he had trained himself to hit the ball right and he found it just as hard to break himself of a right habit as most of us who are learning the game have trying to break ourselves of wrong habits.

What cheers me up is the thought that in time I myself may be able to drive with machine-like accuracy. Certainly the average man doesn't have to continue to be a dub unless he wants to be.

What is true in the world of golf applies with equal force to life as a whole.

If our desire is strong enough and if we work hard enough and work in the right way, of course, almost any art can be mastered.

Lincoln's Revenge

TODAY I heard one man telling another how he had revenged himself upon another man who had offended him. It wasn't a nice story. The speaker, however, apparently was proud of what he had done.

As I walked away I could not help thinking of what Lincoln did to Chase. Although a member of the Cabinet, Chase had been one of the bitterest critics of Lincoln and his administration. When he retired from the Cabinet he was still more bitter. He went about the country trying his best to poison the minds of the people against the president.

Then Chief Justice Roger Taney died. To the surprise of everyone who knew the facts, the president nominated Chase for the position.

When a friend said something to Lincoln about his magnanimity, Lincoln replied that he had always meant to appoint Chase and only one doubt had been holding him back. He had wondered whether Chase, craving the presidency as he did, would ever really turn his attention to becoming the kind of chief justice that Lincoln thought he could be.

You will note that in all this Lincoln apparently paid no attention whatever to the harm Chase had done him. He overlooked those imperfections in the man who in other respects was fit to hold the

place at the head of the Supreme Court of the United States.

What we need in our business as well as our political life is a greater number of men who will adopt the Lincoln form of revenge when they are tempted to get even with someone who has done evil to them.

It is curious, isn't it, that a business man, who, when he goes into the woods, will be careful not to overload his guide, will think nothing at all of heaping work upon his subordinates that robs their days of all joy. The real good sportsman knows that there is no difference between the principles of good sportsmanship and the principles of good business management.

True happiness can only be known through abandonment.

Most houses, even in the world of business, are judged by their representatives.

The Art of Listening

One statement in the life of Albert Einstein that interested me greatly is this: "He is master of the art of listening." When a statement is made with which he does not agree he does not rush forward to contradict it. He gives the speaker an opportunity to state his whole case without interruption. He keeps his mind open. If you think this is a simple thing to do just try it for one day. I'll bet anything you can count on your fingers the number of big business men in New York who do it. They listened when they were younger, but now that they have achieved success they think it is unnecessary for them to listen any more. The man who refuses to listen is afflicted with a swelled head whether he realizes it or not.

One of my daily prayers: Make me lovable, O God!

The only true religion is the religion of Love.

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